

The CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

AND CHILDREN'S PICTORIAL

The Story of the World Today for the Men and Women of Tomorrow

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A HAPPY CHRISTMAS TO US ALL

LABRADOR GRENFELL

NEW KNOWLEDGE OF OUR OLDEST COLONY

The Immense Waterfalls Like One Niagara Above Another

THE NOTE OF A GREAT CAREER

Grenfell of Labrador has been back in England for one of those holidays which mean much hard work for him, for he spends his time here in lecture-tours which help to bring in money for the great work that has made his name an inspiration the world over.

It is thrilling to hear and see this sparsely-built man whose hazardous life is splendidly spent in service away in wild Labrador. Always he tells something new about the country he has been transforming for more than a generation.

Four Million Horse-Power

This time he showed a new photograph of the Grand Falls of Labrador which, discovered some years ago, have been seen by very few Englishmen. The photograph shows the Falls at the far end of a rocky gorge, forming white streaks, which Dr. Grenfell says are nearly as high as one Niagara on the top of another. They fall 720 feet in a mile, and the canyon is eleven miles long. Over four million horse-power goes to waste here, and the sound of the roaring waters can be heard, and the spray seen, twenty miles off!

It is wonderful to think of that vast volume of water, with energy enough to light several cities, rushing and roaring in the heart of that lonely country, England's oldest colony, the nearest part of North America to England, making a natural music rarely heard by man, and never visited by an Englishman till one of Dr. Grenfell's friends, a young Cambridge graduate, went to see them last year.

Labrador Salmon in London

The day may come, Dr. Grenfell thinks, when some of the power of the Falls will be harnessed. They are a challenge, like other natural features of Labrador, such as its immense forests and mineral resources, to the ingenuity of man, and if they are harnessed the Newfoundland Government will have to revise its £30,000,000 estimate of the value of Labrador territory. It was only in the spring of last year that the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council gave judgment in favour of Newfoundland in the ancient dispute concerning the boundary of Labrador, thus adding to that Dominion an area larger than that of Great Britain.

Since Dr. Grenfell went there many things have happened in Labrador to redeem it of its old reputation of being desolate and useless to mankind. Only last year the doctor was approached by shipping companies whose representatives, having seen his fascinating pictures,

Messengers of Peace



A visit from the carol-singers at Christmas-time is an old custom that none would wish to die out. In this unusual picture we see as from within the house the messengers of peace on the doorstep.

were anxious to include trips up the Labrador rivers in their holiday tours, and he was asked to make an itinerary, which is hardly desirable yet because navigation is dangerous owing to hidden and badly-charted shoals. But in other ways the rivers are useful to us all, for their salmon comes to London and appears in our shops as fresh as salmon from the Severn and the Wye.

Sir Wilfred Grenfell is now on his way to America, where he is to lecture in the spring. He will then return to Labrador in a new boat, the Maravel, built for his work by friends in New York. He cannot keep away from that wild and wonderful land with which his name will ever be linked, and we imagine him as never being happier than when he is at the helm.

"I have always worked," he says, "and so have my colleagues, on the principle that if there are two ways open we should choose the most venturesome." That is the great note of his stirring career.

No wonder such a man has found his way on to the map. The Grenfell Falls are named after him.

A CHILD'S OLD TREASURE

The Foreign Stamp's Career

"Would you like a foreign stamp, my dear?" an uncle asked his little niece long ago.

"She said she would, and he gave her an envelope which had just come from Newfoundland, and was franked with a strip of three vermilion 2d. stamps. That was in 1858, when books and toys were fewer, so she kept the stamps with her other little treasures—a Roman coin, maybe, some Indian shells, and a valentine or two.

When she was a grannie she came upon them again, and said to her ten-year-old grandson:

"Would you like a foreign stamp, my dear?"

He said he would, and kept the envelope among his childish treasures till he grew up. And now he has sold the envelope for £600. This is a record price, because, while single copies of the stamp are rare, no other strip is known.

What a lucky thing for him that the little girl of 1858 took an intelligent interest in stamps!

I SEE ALL

Everybody's Picture Book

THE YOUNGEST OF THE FAMILY

A METEOR 20 YEARS OLD

The Great Stones That Come Out of the Heavens Every Day

FALLEN IN A SIBERIAN VALLEY

Of all the great meteoric stones that have fallen on the Earth and have been noted and examined that which has been seen in a remote valley of Siberia by the Russian Professor Kulik has the strangest surroundings.

It is the last that has fallen of the greater stones which are showered on the Earth from space between our planet and the Sun. It seems to be the greatest.

This meteor is said to have fallen twenty years ago in a desolate valley between high mountains. It is in that part of Siberia which, though more than 1000 miles south of the Pole, is as cold in winter as the Polar regions themselves. To reach the place Professor Kulik and his companions had to pass through 1200 miles of forest and marsh.

In the Desolate Gorge

The journey cost some of them dear, for they were smitten with scurvy and the leader of the expedition sent them back. But Professor Kulik hung on, unwilling to leave the valley of the meteor till all his measurements and photographs and geological examinations had been finished.

He stayed with one companion near that desolate gorge among the hills, where, throughout an area of many miles, the meteor in its fierce fall had scorched all the vegetation and blasted many trees. At last he was forced by the cold to retreat to the Chunga River.

There he was found by a relief expedition sent out to search for him, and he has been brought back to Moscow, still unsubdued, and eager to return again to examine the great meteorite with better instruments.

When it fell, either a shower of other stones accompanied it, or it exploded with the force of the collision, for all around it are indentations like funnels.

One Every Day

Once a day a meteoric stone falls on the Earth, and its fall passes oftenest unnoticed, because there are so many millions of square miles of sea and land where it may fall with none to notice it. All the giant meteorites have fallen in lonely places, and there has been none to say when or where they fell. Peary brought one home from the Arctic; another is at Bacubirito in Peru.

The Siberian meteor is the only one that has a known history. Examinations of it may help to answer the question whether these giant stones were once expelled by volcanoes of the Earth, or whether, as most modern astronomers assert, they are accretions of solid matter, often broken up and fused again, which came originally from the Sun.

A WONDERFUL VICTORY

ENGLAND'S CRICKET TRIUMPH

The Old Mother Country's All-Round Supremacy

LARWOOD OF NOTTS

If a good beginning is half the battle, we have good reason to view the series of Test Matches in Australia with cheerful confidence. The first of the five, played at Brisbane, yielded England the most overwhelming triumph ever gained by either side in all the 115 games played between the rivals. The Motherland won by 675 runs!

In the first innings England had a first day of mixed fortunes, good wickets being lost inexcusably for moderate scores, but Hendren pulled the game round with a magnificent display of batting, in which he was finely assisted by Larwood, the English fast bowler. Together they put on 124 runs. Our "tail," which Australians had rather derided, actually scored some fifty runs more than our five leading batsmen. Then, on Australia's going in, Larwood bowled like a man inspired and gained three of the best rival wickets for nine runs, so that our opponents had their four supreme players out for 44 when the second day's play closed.

Unexcelled Bowling

Unfortunately, Gregory, Australia's fast bowler, broke down, and Kelleway, a dour bat and good bowler, was taken ill, so they batted a man short and were all out for 122, Larwood having the splendid figures of six wickets for 32 runs, as the result of bowling which Australian critics say has never been excelled there.

With a lead of 399, England could not venture to apply the closure, but had to bat again. We had only four bowlers; the wicket was likely to wear; Chapman dared not risk Australia's following-on while our attack was still tired. There is no time limit, unfortunately, to Test Matches in Australia, so there is no excuse for rushing, hit or miss, through a second innings. England batted again, sedately, even wearisomely, it was said.

Chapman's duty as captain was to win the match for England. He did so by declaring his innings closed at 342 for eight wickets, leaving Australia to get over 700 runs to avoid defeat. Still two men short, they failed completely and were all out for 66.

Rejoicing While We May

Larwood was again a stumbling-block to them, for, having taken two of their wickets, he caught out three other men. His total score in the match was 107, and he had a hand in the dismissal of 11 of his opponents. It is not to be wondered at that Australia and England ring with his praises. P. F. Warner, the old England and Middlesex captain, expresses the belief that the young Notts man, now supreme as a bowler, will before long open the batting for England.

We have borne many defeats of late years at the hands of our brilliant kinsmen, and we shall be pardoned if we now rejoice, while we may, at victory complete and triumphant. There are four more Test Matches to follow, and we are unlikely to repeat this tremendous win, but our players are heartened for the contest. All the Australian prophecies of English weakness and inferiority have so far recoiled on the heads of those who uttered them.

Pronunciations in This Paper

Euboea	U-be-ah
Milo	Me-lo
Mukden	Mook-den
Weimar	Vi-mar
Zermatt	Tser-maht

A PYTHON ON ITS BEST BEHAVIOUR

Feeding From the Hand SNAKES AND WOLVES AT THE ZOO

By Our Zoo Correspondent

The Zoo has a fascinating new tame snake, a royal python that will take food from the hands of its admirers.

It is not a terrifying reptile, for it is only about three feet long, but the Zoo has never had a snake even of this size that has behaved so nicely. The new arrival's charming ways are the result of its being kept as a pet.

The Zoo has several snakes tame enough to be handled by visitors, but though this python likes to coil round the necks of its human friends its particular trick is to take food whenever it is offered. As soon as it is shown a dead rat the reptile rises as though begging for it, then moves forward and takes it. Usually it does not want to feed, yet it will accept the offering, even only to drop it on to the floor.

Not Often Hungry

None of the other snakes will take food to amuse visitors, but at feeding-time one of the very large pythons will sometimes take its rabbit or chicken from the keeper's hands. Unfortunately this snake only feeds when hungry, and that is not often.

Two delightful new pets that have arrived are Helen and Sheik. They are wolves, mother and son, and before they were sent to the Zoo they were domestic pets, so are as quiet and well-behaved as any dog.

Helen is a large grey animal said to be a timber wolf, of a variety now almost extinct, known as the buffalo wolf because of its habit of preying on buffalo. She was captured in Montana seven years ago when a tiny cub. Her son Sheik was born in captivity, and at the Zoo he is regarded as a curiosity, for he looks exactly like an Alsatian dog and bears no resemblance to Helen, though his father is said to have been a timber wolf too. In almost every way Sheik is more like a dog than a wolf. His coat is brindled and short, his nose is pointed and his tail long, yet Helen's grey fur is thick and bushy.

Both these wolves are gentle enough to play with; anyone may stroke them through the bars.

WHAT TO GIVE AT CHRISTMAS

Books Are Best

Only a few days to Christmas now, and we suppose that most C.N. readers are still trying to find suitable gifts for their friends. Nothing is more sure to please than a book, and this year there is a wider range than ever. Book-shops have something to show for boys and girls of all ages.

It would be difficult to find a boy or girl who did not delight in the merry pranks of Tiger Tim and his famous friends the Bruin Boys. These jolly characters are found in Tiger Tim's Annual (6s.), Rainbow Annual (3s. 6d.), and Bruin Boys' Annual (3s. 6d.).

Tiny Tots (2s. 6d.) would make a splendid gift for a little brother or sister just learning to read. Mrs. Hippo's Annual and Bo-Peep's Bumper Book at 3s. 6d. each are suitable for children up to eight.

There is a wonderful selection for children at school. Puck and Playtime Annuals at 6s. each are packed with stories, pictures, jokes, riddles, and games. Holiday and Champion Annuals have stirring tales of adventure and school life. Every Boy's Hobby Annual (6s.) deals with hobbies. Little Folks (5s.) is an old favourite.

Let books solve your Christmas present problems. They are easy to pack, cheap to post, and certain to please.

THE LADY OF MILO

Missing Arms of the Beautiful Venus

CAN THEY BE FOUND?

Many treasure hunts are in progress throughout the world, but perhaps none is more romantic than that in the deep waters of the harbour of the island of Melos, in the Aegean Sea.

The prize men are seeking there is only two fragments of marble, but the fragments are said to be the missing arms of the Venus of Milo (or Melos). Local rumour has told us that when the statue was being removed from the island, 108 years ago, there was a fight in the harbour in the course of which the precious fragments were lost.

The statue was of Greek origin, and was set up two thousand years ago in the great theatre on the island. Complete ruin descended on the island, so that a century ago, when a peasant of Castro sought to improve his land, it was on the site of the ancient theatre that he began to grub up a tree. The ground suddenly opened and swallowed the tree, and when the peasant recovered from his terror he found a treasure in the pit beneath his feet.

Greatest Treasure of the Louvre

Before him were the upper half of the Venus and three other marble figures. Further digging brought forth, three weeks later, the missing half of the Venus together with a detached left arm and a hand holding an apple, but unhappily they were not the hand and arm of the statue. These fragments are at the Louvre near where the statue stands, but are not related to the statue.

La Pérouse, the French explorer, sailing to annex Australia for France, was lost for ever in the misty South. One of the men appointed to seek him was Admiral Dumont D'Urville, who arrived in the Eastern Mediterranean just as the Venus had been discovered, just in time to prevent it from being ground into lime for building. He saved it, and it was bought for six thousand francs as a present to Louis the Eighteenth. It is now the greatest treasure of the Louvre.

THE ARCHBISHOP'S WATCHWORD

Lift Up Your Eyes to the Hills

Amid the solemn music and the joyous ringing of the bells of Canterbury Cathedral, Dr. Cosmo Gordon Lang has been enthroned Archbishop of Canterbury. These passages are from his sermon after the enthronement.

Three main movements of thought and experience are lodged within our household—catholic, evangelical, liberal, so we call them. Is any one of them an intruder? Does not each stand for a spirit, an aspect of truth without which the Church would be impoverished and its power to answer God's call would be hindered?

Then why should they contend with one another? Let each not only tolerate the others but learn from them: and give its own witness, so that the fellowship of the one family of God be not broken or even strained, but made more rich and true.

This is a time for thinking, not for shouting.

Here forgive a personal word most diffidently spoken. If there is any man in this great assembly who needs strength from God, it is he who has been the centre of your thoughts and prayers.

But I know that something more than strength to bear the burden is needed—even the inward spiritual joy which can make it light.

I would fain take as my own watchword "The Lord is my strength and my song." I would fain give it as a watchword to the Church. Wherefore, brethren, lift up your eyes unto the hills; lift up your hearts unto the Lord:

THE DECLINE AND FALL OF KINGS

Relics of a Ramshackle Empire

PRINCES IN ADVERSITY

In Germany the fifty little kingdoms, the Lichtensteins, the Reuss Greizs, the Thuringias, Weimars, Waldechs, and Atenburgs, which the Hohenzollerns welded with the hammer of Thor into an Empire, have all fallen apart again. Their kings and princes are simple citizens of the Republic.

But at least they have kept their private dignity and much of their possessions. The best of them are being looked up to by their former subjects as if they were the Old Squire whom they remember as having seen better days.

It is otherwise in Austria-Hungary, the ramshackle Empire which old Francis Joseph kept together with such skill and address. The war has scattered the Hapsburgs to the winds, and the winds have torn their possessions from them like a tornado.

Working People

One of the imperial Hapsburg family has become a film actor at Hollywood; another is a manager of a cinema; a third is a painter whose pictures have not yet found the line; a fourth is in banking, and a fifth is a builder. One of its princesses has taken for her second husband a schoolmaster and speaks on Labour platforms.

The last three might have done worse. School teaching is one of the noblest of the professions; the princess's husband's school will certainly be taught the blessings of peace. The banker may restore the family fortunes; and as for the builder—what more useful trade than that of him who sets two storeys where none was before?

There is a great future for princes if they will but see it. Some of the qualities which made their family a kingly one must be hidden in them, and their misfortunes may bring them out. The family may find its own again, and all may be well.

THINGS SAID

Saturday night—all right;

Sunday's date—one day late.

Postmaster-General on Christmas posting

The period of greatest danger to the countryside is over. Mr. Churchill

To have lots of difficulties makes life worth living. Sir Wilfred Grenfell

The nations are sharpening their swords on the stones of the temple of peace. Mr. Lloyd George

The foundations of the Polytechnic were laid in the Adelpi arches by my father. The Lord Chancellor

My experience is that there are more people who innocently say what is not true than people who deliberately lie. Lord Carson

Whenever the Canterbury in me is inclined to be uppish I shall call upon the York in me to sit on it. Archbishop of Canterbury

When I landed in Australia I had a puncture, and the English air in my tyres mixed with the Australian air. Mr. Hinkley

Richard Coeur de Lion is like Hamlet or Lear or Arthur; he is alive, and it does not matter whether he lived or not. The Times

America thinks in terms of the Future and Faith, Europe in terms of the Past and Fear. Prime Minister of Canada

There was a young lady called Bright, Who travelled much faster than light. She set out one day

In a relative way, And arrived on the previous night. Professor Brodetsky on Einstein

KIFARU SAD FATE OF A PLAYFUL RHINO

A Game With the Sleeping Men in the Camp

THE TERRIBLE PIT

Would it be funny to be chased by an animal weighing two tons and having two sharp horns right down the middle of its forehead?

Somehow it does not seem a joke, yet one who knows the African jungle well has declared that the rhinoceros is not savage; it has merely a sense of humour which does not appeal to man.

Kifaru is the heroine of a story told by Major Radclyffe Dugmore, who declares that the rhinoceros is an inch thick, her eyes small and short-sighted, and her face heavily wrinkled. Kifaru, in fact, is a rhino.

One day she was wakened from her sleep by the scent and sound of men. A line of native porters wound across the plain.

Kifaru's Little Frolic

Down went Kifaru's head, up went her tail, and she galloped to meet the newcomers. The men flung down their loads and fled in every direction. Lucky were those who reached a tree. Three could only scramble to the top of a huge anthill eight feet high. Kifaru charged it, and the sandy structure collapsed as if struck by a shell. Three men smothered in dust ran here and there, Kifaru chasing each in turn. Then she left them to toss and smash the loads.

After this little frolic she swerved and galloped away into the jungle as if tired of that particular joke.

Another time she stole up to a camp at night. Men were sleeping in their tents while one dozed by the fire. Kifaru was hidden in the trees, and when she gave two terrific snorts it was as if a bomb had exploded. The sleepy sentry let off his gun and men came tumbling out to see what monster was at hand. Then Kifaru charged right through a tent, over the bed, and out on the other side. After that she cantered harmlessly away into the dark.

A Lonely Wanderer

It will be seen that Kifaru is as playful as a kitten, yet very few people seem to understand her.

The end of Kifaru's story is sad. Her mate was shot by a hunter, and her calf killed in a game-pit. As the calf walked along the ground gave way under him and he fell into a hole which was planted with cruel spikes. They pierced his body, and after several hours of agony he died, watched by his mother.

It is good to know that white men have now forbidden the making of these game-pits. If men fell into them they would be impaled like the poor little calf in our story.

Kifaru now wanders alone in the forest far from the plains and the villages where men live. It is to be hoped she will find peace there. Animals have mercifully short memories.

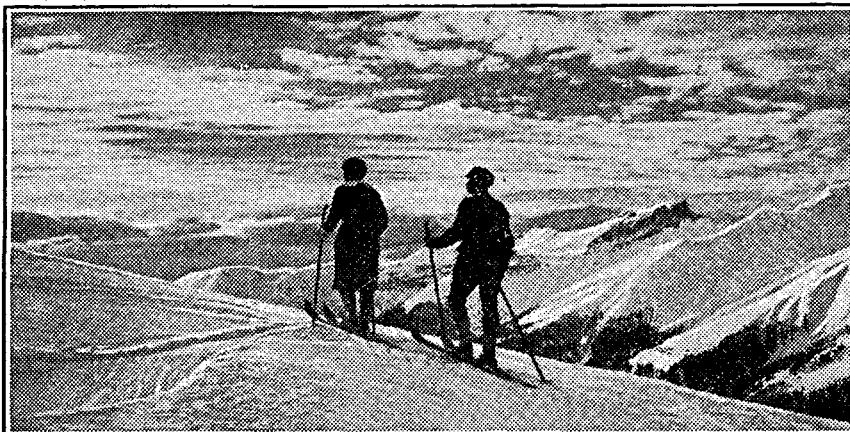
FILMING THE OLD SCHOOL

How delightful to have a kinema film of one's old school!

The old scholars and friends, the staff, and the boys and girls themselves, have made a film of Sibford, the Quaker school perched high in the recesses of Oxfordshire on the watershed between the Thames and the Avon. It must have been great fun to make it.

Though some of the pictures are not as clear as they might be, and some of the descriptions are difficult to read, the film ranks high among amateur productions, and a wealth of ingenuity and care must have gone to its planning and execution.

CHRISTMAS AMONG THE SNOWS



Early morning at Davos Platz in Switzerland



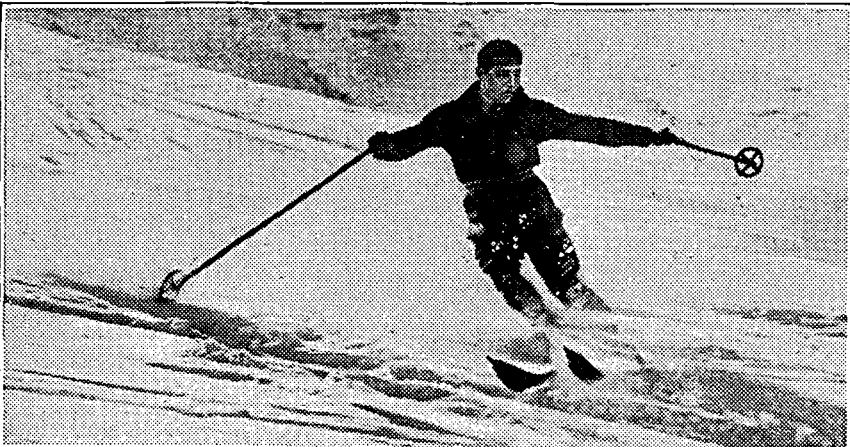
The beginning of a run down a steep slope



Dressed for ski-ing at St. Moritz



A little Swedish ski-er at Stockholm



Making a turn at high speed in the Alps

Christmas for many people means a holiday in Switzerland, where the most popular of all winter sports is undoubtedly ski-ing, a most exhilarating pastime. Ski-ing originated as a sport in Scandinavia in 1860, although as a means of getting about from place to place over the snow skis are of quite ancient origin.

THE PHILOSOPHER OF OPTIMISM

THINKER WHO BELIEVES ALL IS WELL

Great Ideas That Won Bergson the Nobel Prize

EVOLUTION GOING ON

Nothing could have been more popular than the award of the Nobel Prize to Professor Bergson, the Philosopher of Optimism, the man who believes that things are moving on, and always to something better.

Henri Bergson belongs to the Jewish race, like so many philosophers and prophets before him. His father was a musician, and he often alludes to music in his writings.

As the spelling of his name suggests, France is the home of his people, and he lives and works in Paris, where he was born near the end of 1859, within a week or two of one of the greatest events in the modern world—the publication in England of the most talked of book of the nineteenth century, Darwin's *Origin of Species*.

His First Great Book

Little Henri Bergson was a clever and thoughtful boy, and was sent to study philosophy in the great city of his birth, whose university has been a centre of human learning for so many centuries. Shortly before the nineteenth century ended he published his first great book, called *Matter and Memory*.

In it he shows how the ordinary matter of the world, stones and air, and so on, moves to and fro according to the laws of motion, but bears no record in itself of what has happened to it, whereas living beings *remember*, and all their past history is contained in their present, and helps to make their future. This shows how living beings have something more than mere matter in them, something which remembers; and that mysterious and mighty something can only be Mind.

The Soul of the World

Bergson has taught us that life is so wonderful, so creative, so full of power unrealised, that we may hope for a future for life, even upon our own Earth, which shall far surpass the past. He believes in the possibility that we may all help in the creative evolution of the lives of those who are to come after us. He tells us how difficult it is for our minds to turn round upon Life, and to understand it all. We are apt to see it only as it seems to stand, not as it *moves onward*.

But, he adds, there are times when, as in a fleeting vision, we are illuminated, and see what life really is. When we watch a mother leaning over her child, present life continuing itself in and devoting itself to the life of the next generation, then we can realise what life is—a mighty streaming of the soul of the world, from age to age, through the matter that makes our food and our bodies, never satisfied, never exhausted, always striving, creating nobler forms, using ampler powers.

The Duty of Man

Man's body is, says Bergson, an instrument which can make new instruments—for locomotion, for flight, for plumbing the depths of space, for weighing atoms, for recording and handing on the thoughts and the music he creates; and thus, while for all other forms of life there is a necessary limit, for man there is no limit. In man the soul is free, responsible, conscious of itself; and it is therefore man's duty to carry on the task of creative evolution for the highest ends he can conceive.

When You Go By Bus

Do not throw your ticket in the street.

Drop it in the Bus

A LAD OF CANNING TOWN

HOW MR. DOWD CAUGHT HIM SMILING

A Few C.N. Half-Crowns will Make a Man of Him

THE CLUB WITH NO ROOM

Mr. Dowd, the clever Punch artist who created Peter Puck, has been making some drawings in Canning Town, and one of them has come to the C.N.

It is the picture of a boy standing outside the Mansfield House Settlement waiting to see if he would be allowed to join the club, and ready enough to smile when someone spoke to him, as Mr. Dowd did.

The artist has caught the jolly laughter that came over this boy when he spied a gentleman wanting to draw him. He presently passed on, and Mr. Dowd never saw him again. He has no name. He is one of thousands



The Canning Town Boy as the artist of Peter Puck caught him

of boys in the slums who would have been leading sad lives, sneaking, lying, taking any way of getting the better of a fellow-man, woman, or boy, but for Mansfield House.

The Mansfield House Settlement in Canning Town, founded by university men, is known now all over the world, and people who are happy have often sent a few shillings to the Settlement for love, and to wish it well.

Canning Town is an enormous area of poor homes set on the edge of Dockland. There is little for boys to do at night and in their spare time, and they are aching to do something. The Fairbairn House Boys Club, attached to Mansfield House, gives them that something to do; clean, jolly rooms to play and work in with their tools, libraries to read in, pictures to show them something of the wonder and hugeness of the world which turns such a sad, grey face on Canning Town.

But each boy costs the Club about 30s. a year. Bills have to be paid, and it nearly breaks the hearts of those who are working in the hot, dusty Town when they have to say, "I'm sorry, my lad, but there is no room."

For Loving-Kindness Sake

There would be room, more rooms open, more doors into a noble life set ajar, if only the Settlement had more money. And so Mansfield House, with a grateful heart for the way the C.N. remembered it before, is asking if we will remember it again.

This boy with the laughing face, who could become a great character with a little encouragement, is waiting to be admitted into the Club. Hundreds more are waiting. They would not have to wait long if each C.N. reader sent half-a-crown for loving-kindness sake to Mansfield House. Send it, please, to The Treasurer, Mansfield House Settlement, Canning Town, E.

THE RAILWAYS AND A MOVE-ON

Something Like Obstinacy

UP IN THE AIR AND DOWN IN THE EARTH

Since they obtained their powers to run motor coaches and lorries on the roads the railway companies have been vigorously waging their fight with the road companies for England's passenger and goods traffic. That makes it all the more strange that they should have given away a great opportunity of working in cooperation with air travel.

Imperial Airways is the great organisation which runs passenger aeroplanes between Croydon and all parts of Western Europe. This company wished to arrange with the railways to run trains to carry their passengers between the great air terminus and their homes in all parts of Britain, and so to make a connecting time-table for their Continental air services. And the railway companies refused.

Two Opportunities Missed

Imperial Airways have, therefore, opened negotiations to the same end with the great road transport firms, and we may be pretty sure that they will not say no.

This decision of the railway companies is as hard to understand as was the action of one of them when a new colliery in Kent wanted coal transport to the sea. It put so many difficulties in the way that the colliery company decided to do without it and to transport its coal by air. It asked leave of the authorities to make an aerial-rope railway from the pit mouth to Dover Harbour high above the railway company's lines. The railway company opposed the request, at first successfully. But ultimately, of course, it was beaten, and a fruitful source of revenue was lost to it.

We have not often seen, in the recent history of our railways, two cases quite so remarkable as these. It would seem that in spite of their general progressive spirit there is somewhere a lack of desire to cooperate which cannot be good for the railways.

In both these cases they appear to have set themselves against progress.

BABES IN THE SKY

Twin Comets Lost

It is not all plainsailing with a comet. The comet which Mr. Taylor found 13 years ago met with a shock, almost as soon as discovered, by the side of which a motor collision would be a trifle. It broke in half, and the two halves went each its own way.

Then their troubles redoubled. They went from bad to worse. They have never been seen again. One at least, if not both, ought to have come back in 1922. Not a sign was seen of either.

The best telescopes are looking out for them now when their second return is due. But the constellation of the Lion where they ought to appear offers no sign of them.

Have they gone for ever? Did they venture too near the giant Jupiter, the realms of which they must have approached, in their shattered condition, three years ago? Did the great planet stretch out its magnetic grip toward the two waifs as they fled by, leaving them in still smaller fragments, or drawing them closer to itself?

None can tell. They may have become, as Biela's comet did some eighty years ago, nothing but a dispersed cloud of shooting stars. Some day out of the constellation of the Lion a swarm of meteors may begin to flash in the December skies, and the Taylor comet may gain a second life and a new fame.

It may have been only the comet of a season, never more to be seen, yet always remembered if only on account of its dreadful accident 13 years ago.

THEN AND NOW

A Note From a Manse On the Moor

A lady who has lately moved into a manse on a Yorkshire moor sends us a note which illustrates one of the many things we of today, young and old, have to be thankful for.

In the church (or chapel, as they say in Yorkshire) was a dainty little mite, some five years old, who had had a long walk there. At intervals during the service she was heard by the worshipper next to her to say to herself in a whisper, "Oh, I *am* being good!" When the grown-ups' sermon was three-quarters through she sighed gently, and said, for self-encouragement, "I'm being *right* good now!"

At home the observer of this incident chanced to read a book on the history of the locality, and among some churchwarden accounts kept in the old days came upon these entries.

1740. Paid for going about to fright children from play in service time; great complaints being made .. 2s.
1752. Spent when going to Berry Brow to see if children were playing on the Sabbath Day 2s.

"A thought-provoking contrast," says our correspondent: the little maid enjoying herself "being good" in church and the churchwarden paying for the "frighting" of children.

SUN YAT SEN

Founder of the Chinese Revolution

China is erecting a magnificent tomb to its great statesman Sun Yat Sen, who has been called the Father of the Revolution. He was well known in England, and knew England well.

The mausoleum stands on the wooded slopes of the Purple Mountain, overlooking the wide Yangtse Valley, an hour's motor drive from Nanking, the new capital. It is 200 feet high, 200 feet long, and nearly as wide, and a great granite staircase, as wide as the full length of the building, descends the mountainside to a great causeway, half as wide again, lined with cypress trees. The ground on either side of this and on the mountainside is laid out as a national park.

The building is shaped like a bell and in the entrance hall is a huge statue of Dr. Sun Yat Sen gazing over Nanking. The actual coffin is to lie in a sunken grotto surrounded by a marble balustrade, from which it may be seen by visitors, as is Napoleon's casket in Paris.

The monument will cost at least a million pounds and is nearly complete.

LONG LIVE SIR JAGADIS BOSE

The Plant That Rang a Bell

Many happy returns to Sir Jagadis C. Bose, the Indian scientist, who is 70. He had birthday letters from many people in many lands.

One of the things this plant wizard has lately done is to make a plant ring an electric bell by registering its growth!

When we are very young and when we are old birthdays are delightful things. In the middle years we do not have much time for them, but the leisurely years after 70 bring back to us birthday letters and reunions and secretly prepared presents. Could there be anything pleasanter than to have a grannie for whom to provide (as someone did recently) a cake with a hundred white candles and five pink candles?

We cannot all live to be 105, but if we are good friends and neighbours we can be sure of happy birthdays after 70.

AN OLD GIANT OF OUR WATERS

FE-FI-FO-FUM

An Ancient English Monster That Never Saw an Englishman

PRIMEVAL KING FOR SOUTH KENSINGTON

Shakespeare was king of all the men of Warwickshire, but humble workmen, quarrying materials for cement at Harbury, have found an older monarch of the county.

They have unearthed the fossil skeleton of an ichthyosaurus, which is Greek for fish-lizard. When the world was the kingdom of the reptiles, terrible creatures—part crocodile, part fish—ruled the deep and shallow waters.

Before Man Was Born

The one found at Harbury was a sovereign of the order, thirty feet long, a length never exceeded by any of the thirty skeletons of the kind which have been found so far. What was an ichthyosaurus like? An expert has sung a song of its living outline:

Behold, a strange monster our wonder engages!
If dolphin or lizard your wit may defy,
Some thirty feet long, on the shore of Lyme Regis,
With a sword for a jaw, and a big staring eye.
A fish or a lizard? An ichthyosaurus,
With a big staring eye, and a very small brain,
And paddles, like mill-wheels in chattering chorus,
Smiting tremendous the dread-sounding main.

These old monsters never saw a man. The human family was not born when the fish-lizards made the waters terrible. We find them, millions of years after their extinction, marvellously complete with their skeleton ribs still encircling the last meal they ate, armoured fishes, octopuses and shell fish. There is a marvellous one at Whitby, in the little museum which has relics of Captain Cook, and beside it lies a little one.

Prehistoric Cuttlefish

Great beds containing the fossil remainder of meals eaten millions of years ago by these old giants have been found in England. Women have worn polished fragments of them as jewels. When the remains came to be analysed they gave back the very colour the ink-bags of prehistoric cuttlefish had contained when they were devoured.

They proved to be rich in phosphate of lime and therefore of great value to agriculture. From that experiment sprang the great industry in artificial fertilisers for our fields and gardens. We play the role of Fe-fi-fo-fum to the old fish-lizards. They in their day lorded it on our seas and rivers, devouring every living thing within reach, to build up their own bodies; we in our turn grind their bones to grow the corn that makes our bread.

That will not be the fate of the Warwickshire ichthyosaurus. This old king of primeval days goes to our Natural History Museum as an exhibit.

A POET'S COLLECTION

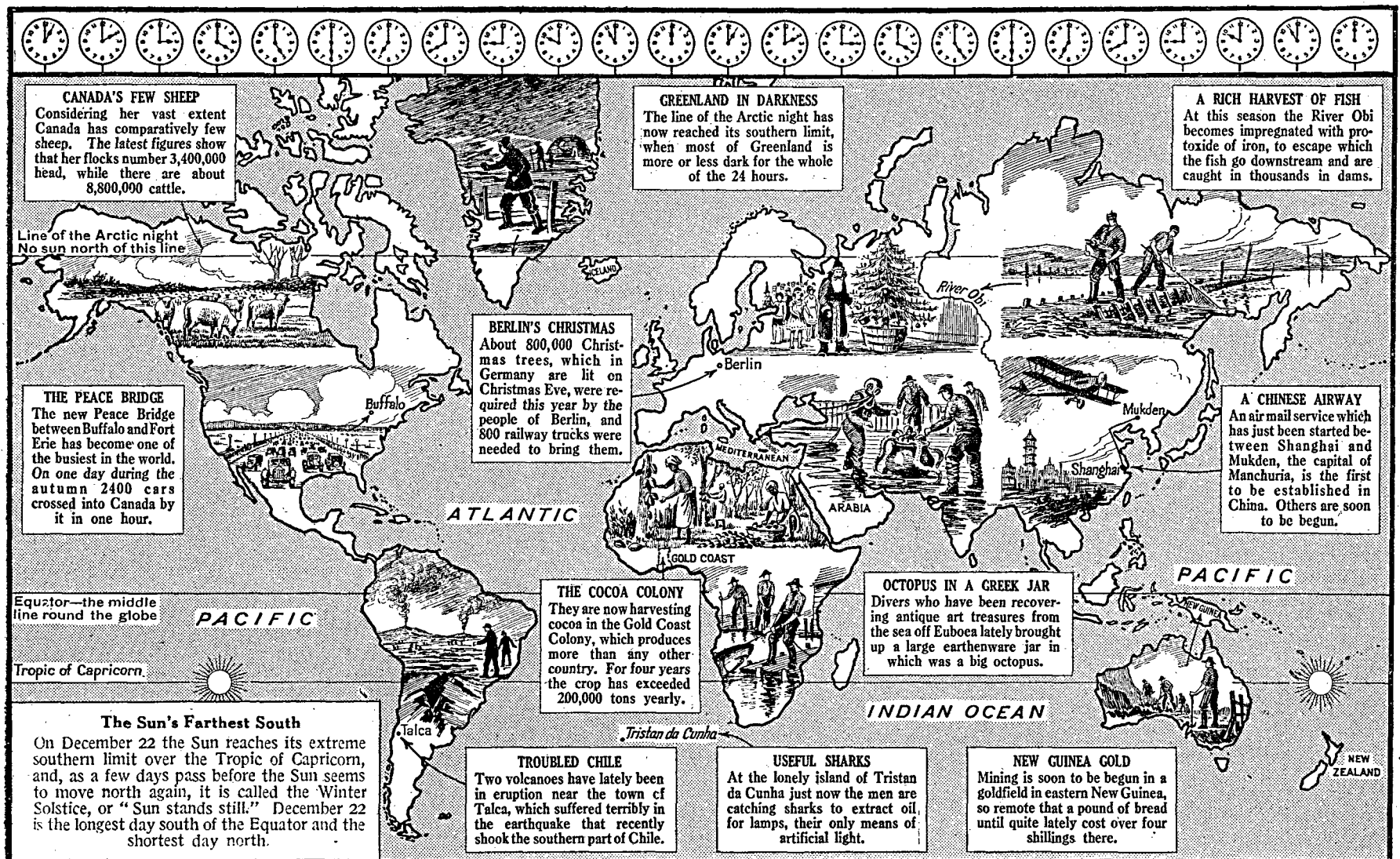
National Singer of Greece

Matsoukas, the national poet of Greece, did indeed beat his martial poetic sword into a ploughshare. For ten years he followed the Greek Army, encouraging it to warlike deeds, but in the last few years of his life Matsoukas put his heroic pen aside and devoted himself to collecting funds for those whom war had left destitute.

Refugees and orphaned children had cause to bless him. There are 3000 orphaned girls whose children will never forget Matsoukas, for it was he who enabled these 3000 to get married—a rare poet's collection. He died poor.

Greece buried him, and she will remember his charity when his martial poems are no longer sung.

PICTURE-NEWS AND TIME MAP SHOWING EVENTS ALL OVER THE WORLD



ZIMBABWE AGAIN

An Explorer Has a New Idea

For two generations the origin of the mysterious Zimbabwe ruins in Rhodesia has been puzzling the archaeologists.

Some say they are the work of Bantu tribesmen in days when they had a higher civilisation than when the white man arrived. Others say they were built by an Asiatic people many centuries earlier still.

Now an eminent German, Dr. Frobenius, has spent many months, and expects to spend twelve months more, examining the ruins, and believes he will be able to announce the solution of the baffling mystery. He appears to support the theory that the ruins were the work of a vanished race, but whether African or Asiatic he apparently does not say.

He holds that the ruins are the remains of a mining town and not of a fortress, and that the builders had enormous knowledge of geology and technical skill in mining.

"I have seen shafts," he says, "to a depth of 50 feet, with drives underground extending 80 feet, perfectly shaped. How these drives were carried out, how ore was removed without touching an inch of the surrounding valueless rock, it is impossible to say, or how these bygone miners traced valuable underground seams."

Zimbabwe, he thinks, must have passed through many hands since then, but the natives still use as ornaments ancient mining tools which their ancestors may have stolen from the Zimbabwe miners.

Last Month's Weather

LONDON		RAINFALL	
Sunshine	55 hours	Falmouth	4.60 ins.
Rainfall	1.73 ins.	Liverpool	3.26 ins.
Wet days	16	Gorleston	2.87 ins.
Dry days	14	Southampton	2.28 ins.
Coldest day	28th	Edinburgh	2.24 ins.
Warmest days	13th, 16th	Dublin	1.25 ins.

WHAT THE LEAGUE IS REALLY LIKE

A Little Half-a-Crown Book

THE SPIRIT OF GENEVA. By Ethel L. Jones. (Headley Brothers, 2s. 6d.)

We should like to commend this little book to every C.N. home. It is one of the best accounts that have been written of the working of the League.

We can almost imagine ourselves at the meetings as we read Miss Jones's racy pages, carrying us along and filling us with the feeling that the League will in time work out the salvation of the world.

Half-a-crown is, unfortunately, too high a price for a booklet with paper covers, and we much regret that this admirable book appears under this handicap. We promise any C.N. reader, however, that its reading will be found a hundred times more interesting, and a thousand times more helpful, than a night at any play in London, and the net saving will probably amount to twelve-and-sixpence.

CHOCOLATE TOWN, U.S.A.

Hershey, in Pennsylvania, must be one of the most fortunate towns in the whole wide world.

It is named after Mr. Milton Snavely Hershey, a great chocolate manufacturer. He has made an enormous fortune there, and ten years ago he handed over twelve million pounds to found an industrial school for orphan boys. One would hardly have imagined that there could be enough orphan boys in all America for such a sum to be spent upon.

Now a great six-storey building called a Community House is to be erected containing a theatre, a gymnasium, a swimming-bath, and seating accommodation for Hershey's 2500 inhabitants.

Mr. Hershey, who is now 71, has also made a gift to his fellow-townsmen equal to two pounds a head for each man, woman, and child.

IS THE TIGER AS BAD AS WE THINK?

There have just been published the usual remarkable figures concerning the wild beasts of India, where about 3000 people are killed by wild animals each year, and 20,000 to 25,000 are killed by snake bite.

This sounds terrible, but in proportion to the population the motor-car kills more people in England.

Domestic cattle are killed by tigers and panthers also, but in a whole year the wild creatures only kill about as many as our butchers kill in one day.

General Burton, who sends home the figures this year, has no sympathy with the man who calls tigers bloodthirsty, because the tiger merely kills for food, and the one kind of food he can eat is flesh. Man, who kills for sport, is the only killer who can truly be called cruel.

It may be that the sportsman is responsible for many of those 3000 deaths from wild animals. If he did not kill off deer, antelope, and pig perhaps the great carnivora would not be driven to attack man for lack of other prey. As a general rule, the wild beast fears man, and will not attack him save in self-defence or in great hunger.

General Burton contends that the poisonous snake is a timid creature also, and will glide out of man's way if he has a chance. Europeans are seldom bitten, because they wear boots and their footfalls can be heard. Natives travelling barefoot through the dusky jungle are far more likely to tread on a drowsy snake, and it is chiefly natives who suffer.

In fact London, with its motor-cars, is more dangerous than India with its snakes and tigers.

THE SMOKING OF CHIMNEYS

The Minister of Health has promised to sanction a bylaw for Bradford prohibiting the undue smoking of chimneys for more than three minutes during any half-hour.

THE JEWEL CASKET
A New Use for Holbein

If only Holbein's ghost could come to London!

It is just 400 years since the young German painter came to try his luck in England, armed with a letter of introduction from Sir Thomas More. His artist father had died loaded with debt, and the son had met with ill-fortune too. But the courtiers of Henry the Eighth realised his genius and in England he grew rich.

Perhaps our clothes and cars would puzzle Holbein less than the sight of one of his own pictures appearing again and again on walls and hoardings. They have turned the great painter of the Tudors into a poster artist.

Should Holbein's picture of Queen Edith be used as an advertisement? If the poster called attention to someone's plasters or someone's toothpaste we should say No. But the Jewel Casket Fund is another matter. Holbein would like the picturesqueness of the scheme, and its charity would please Edith, the gentle girl who sprang from Earl Godwin "as the rose springs from the thorn."

In the spring Queen Mary is going to open an extension of the Elizabeth Garrett Anderson Hospital, and the committee wish to present her with a casket of jewels. Her Majesty will endow a cot with money brought by the sale of the jewels.

Nearly every woman has at least one trinket which she never wears because it is too old-fashioned or ugly, though it is too good to be thrown away. If every woman would send such trinkets to the fund a very large sum would be raised. Already members of the committee have given beautiful things, a ruby and diamond ring, a sapphire and diamond brooch, among them. But humbler gifts of gold or silver are welcome.

CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

DECEMBER 22 1928



THE EDITOR'S TABLE

John Carpenter House, London

above the hidden waters of the ancient River Fleet, the cradle of the Journalism of the world



God Bless Us Every One

FLOORED for the present, Mark Tapley said, but jolly.

We have felt like that for ten Christmases. However hard the world has been, we have managed to be happy at Christmas. Whether we will or not we must be happy now, and so—A Happy Christmas to us all.

We remember how Mark Tapley had come to the poisonous swamps of Little Eden and was stricken by fever. That gave him a splendid chance of coming out strong; and he came out uncommonly strong, did this cheerful and brave man. When Dickens wrote Martin Chuzzlewit he had a crowd of characters to introduce to us: Sairey Gamp and Betsey Prig, Mrs. Todgers and her boarding-house, Tom Pinch and Ruth, but we keep a special place in our hearts for Mark Tapley who came out strong.

He has become a name for cheerfulness in adversity. We still talk of a man as a Mark Tapley when he smiles in the face of difficulties and, being floored, remains jolly. It is an excellent quality, as many a soldier proved in the war. The spirit of Mark Tapley helped greatly in the terrible days of the spring of 1918, when the army had its back to the wall.

There are many less important occasions on which we can show the temper of Mark. When there was a strike and suddenly everybody had to get to business without train or bus or tram, what a crowd of Tapleys we became!

It is quite certain that if we are to be jolly for any long spell we shall have to learn how to come out strong when things are against us. Someone has said that if life is meant to be a dance it is a failure, but if it is meant to be a battle, then it can be understood. It is easy enough to be jolly during a dance, but it is not so easy in a battle, when wounds have to be endured and toil and danger are all around.

It is hard to come out strong in struggle and conflict, yet the only people who have a right to be called jolly are those who have faced the real things of life and learned to smile even when they seem to be floored. There is real enjoyment in the presence of danger and struggle, when every power must be called into action. If it is not so why do so many men and women find their chief delight in climbing the Alps? It is jolly in a way to go up mountains in a train, but the man who sets out with his ice axe and carves his way has the best of it after all.

Floored but jolly! That is a fine thing to say, because no one is ever properly and finally floored so long as he means to rise again.

And now let us all be happy. God bless everyone, as Tiny Tim said long ago.

A Queue Query

SEEING a queue of people shivering outside a theatre, a London playwright spent five guineas in buying them coffee.

Is it not a pity a London theatre proprietor did not spend five shillings in giving them tickets?

The Light of Knowledge

AN Englishman in Switzerland, moved to admiration, as many of us have been, by the knowledge and skill which the Swiss geologists have shown in foretelling the fate of the moving mountain of Motto Arbino, tells a tale of another famous geologist, Professor Theobald.

The professor, with some of his classmates, was on a tour in the mountains when night overtook them and they lost their way. While they were wandering, weary and bewildered, Professor Theobald took his geologist's hammer from his pocket, chipped the rock, examined it by the light of his few remaining matches, and then announced that he knew where they were.

This is better than the tale we read in a novel the other day when the hero, finding himself lost in the darkness of a strange baronial mansion, drew out his flashlight and discovered that the staircase was lined with pure Elgin marble! So this is the new novelist!

Christmas

Let every pudding burst with plums,
And every tree bear dolls and drums,
In this great week when Christmas comes.

Charles Mackay

The Old Man Remembers

IN a book of Anglo-Indian recollections just published we read of the esteem with which Sir Frederic Lely, a great Indian Civil Servant, was regarded by the people.

An Irish Presbyterian missionary was preaching in a place called Porbundur, where Lely had been well known. He was trying to describe to the people the character of our Lord, not in a dogmatic way, but simply by stressing the reasonableness, the kindness, and sympathy of Jesus, and the way He made Himself approachable by all in trouble.

An old countryman came up in time to hear the last of the address, and heard the missionary using again and again the pronoun He, without mentioning the name.

The old man listened, and before long beamed and nodded with approval. He thought he could guess who the missionary was talking about. He nodded with approval, murmuring "Lely, Lely, Lely!"

Was it not a wonderful tribute to a man?—and it was twenty years after the good Lely had left the place.

Let all thy converse be sincere,
Thy conscience as the noonday clear.

Thomas Ken

A Terrible Fact

By P.P.

Peter Puck has been reading that nearly two million pounds' worth of medicine was drunk last year in England.

My blood boils (says he) in a voice hoarse with emotion, when I think of the money wasted on doctors. It is quite common to pay two guineas or more for one consultation, and what is two guineas? It represents 21 pounds of milk chocolate, or 30 pounds of acid drops, or 84 hot cakes. Civilisation has come to a pretty pass when millions which might be spent on sweets are being recklessly squandered on medicine.

It comes to this: doctors are robbing British children of their pocket money. If parents gave up doctors they could double the allowance made to their sons and daughters.

Tip-Cat

AT the London Museum there is an exhibition of Parliamentary relics. Including, no doubt, the left wings of all parties.

Odd that men are so different from guns; the smaller the calibre, the bigger the bore.

It is suggested that those who create the next war should be honoured with a place in the front rank. An excellent suggestion.

Peter Puck
Wants To KnowIf rising
lawyers like
stair-cases

even give themselves a bad name.

POVERTY is no sin. But it is a poor virtue.

WE read that there is not so much gutter language in the gutter. Most of it has been put into plays.

THE BROADCASTER

C.N. Calling the World

MALMESBURY has given twice as many pounds as it has people for repairing its old Abbey.

MME. SIGRID UNDET, the famous writer, has given all her Nobel Prize money to the poor.

SIR OTTO BEIT has given the London hospitals fifty thousand pounds' worth of radium.

A BLIND man losing £16 in a London street has been repaid by people who read of his loss.

Christmas Night

THE Christ Child left the hills of Paradise,
And down into the hurrying world He came;
The stars of Earth were like His shining eyes,
And in His heart Love was a glowing flame.

THE angels came a little on His way
And sang across the meadows of the sky,
Telling the world that this was Christmas Day
(Their music touched the Earth from heaven-high).

BUT of the people in the Earth's great throng
Only a few looked up and saw their light;
Only a few looked up and heard their song,
And saw the star that pointed through the night.

THESE were some solemn seers, and simple poor;
They sought for Christ, and no one heeded them.
Through winding streets they went, from door to door,
Seeking among the inns of Bethlehem.

AND in the stable, where they stayed their feet,
They found at last the little Christ, the Lord,
Lying among the hay, all clean and sweet,
And, seeing Him, they worshipped and adored.

Marjorie Wilson

The Silent Ones

By Our Country Girl

JESUS of Nazareth
Came to the world
Silent, oh, silently!
Came without pageantry,
Banners or trumpet calls.
Soft as a shadow falls
When the day lengtheneth,
Jesus of Nazareth
Came to the world.

DAWN with her glistening,
Stars with their light,
Come to us silently.
Red grows the apple tree,
Never a bugle blown!
One or two birds alone
(Nobody listening)
Chant at your christening
Gold Aconite.

NOTHING but worldliness
Clamours and plains,
Turmoil and tyranny
Come with loud musketry,
Drums, and a battle-cry,
Not as the morning sky
Clad all in peacefulness.
Soon of that boastfulness
Nothing remains.

Henry Vaughan's Prayer

Dear Jesus, give me patience here,
And faith to see my crown as near,
And almost reached, because tis sure
If I hold fast and slight the lure.
Give me humility and peace,
Contented thoughts, innoxious ease,
A sweet, revengeless, quiet minde,
And, to my greatest haters, kinde,
Give me, my God, a heart as milde
And plain as when I was a childe.

THE JEWS IN THEIR HOMELAND

A LOOK ROUND PALESTINE

The Little Jewish Colonies Scattered About the Holy Land

HOW LIFE GOES ON THERE

By a Correspondent lately in Jerusalem

The report that Lord Melchett is considering a gift of a hundred thousand pounds for the development of Jewish colonies in Palestine will quicken interest in this aspect of the Holy Land.

Most travellers go to Palestine thinking almost entirely of its sacred associations, but perhaps in danger of forgetting that the land is holy not only to Christians but to Jews.

A visit is all the more fruitful to the traveller who sees something of the new life the thousands of Jewish immigrants are bringing to the country, the homeland of their ancestors, and the land of the Bible story.

It is little recognised that of the 80,000 people who live in Jerusalem today 50,000 are Jews. Besides the strictly orthodox Jews, with ringlets in front of each ear and round hats with fur-trimmed brims, the Jewish population includes Jews from every country, bringing with them the habits and culture of Europe and America.

Golders Greens Near Jerusalem

The writer visited homes in some of the Jewish suburbs springing up around Jerusalem, where in four or five years little Golders Greens, with neat red-tiled houses and flourishing gardens, have sprung up on the bare Judean hills. He found not only comfortable 20th-century homes, but centres of thought fed by newer and better books than will be found in most English homes. The owners are doctors, teachers, journalists, professors, barristers, who, in a spirit of practical idealism, wish to make Palestine again the Jewish homeland, and have given up prospects in the West to live in Palestine.

But every sound community must have its foundations in the soil. The administrators and thinkers may be mostly found in Jerusalem, or on the coast near Jaffa; but scattered about the country are the Jewish colonies, usually distinguishable by the red roofs of the houses.

A Country Like Wales

Several of these are dotted over the great plain of Esdraelon, between the Hills of Nazareth and Samaria. Here we find Balfouria, named after Lord Balfour, and several others. Agriculture of all kinds is going on around. More picturesque are the colonies along the road from Jerusalem to Jaffa, in a country which reminds one of Wales.

All the colonists are young married couples, mostly from South Russia. They hold their property in common, and grow fruit and grapes. Those who think of vineyards as being like an English hop garden are surprised to find that here, as elsewhere, the vines grow down close to the ground and in spring are hardly visible at all.

Care of the Children

Each couple has a fine large bedroom, but the meals and recreation are taken in rooms shared by all. Special care is taken of the children. Part of each day the children spend in practical school work; it was delightful to see them tending their small gardens.

Such schools are to be found everywhere, for not only does the Zionist movement know that a good community must be an educated community, it realises that the 18,000 children now in its schools are in a melting-pot which will make one the immigrants coming from Russia, Poland, Britain, Germany, Holland, and America, through their common bond of race and the medium of the Hebrew tongue.

THE HOME OF POCAHONTAS

Mr. Ford restored the cottage in which that Mary is supposed to have lived who had a snow-white lamb: now Mr. Rockefeller, junior, is restoring the old farmhouse in which Princess Pocahontas lived with her bridegroom John Rolfe.

Princess Pocahontas was the daughter of the Red Indian chief Powhatan, living in the Jamestown country near Chesapeake Bay. Into his hands fell Captain John Smith, one of the founders of the first permanent settlement of Englishmen on American shores.

The Princess saved him from execution by taking his head in her arms and laying her own head on the execution stone. It was after Smith had returned to

England, and she believed him dead, that the Princess loved and married his friend John Rolfe.

The old house is a fine specimen of old colonial architecture. It is built of brick, three storeys high, and has fine old fireplaces and wood panelling. There is even an underground tunnel which is believed to run down to John Smith's old fort by the water's edge. Its recent owners were selling bricks to visitors as souvenirs at a dollar apiece, so that it is time it was taken in hand.

When the house has been restored it will be furnished in the old colonial style and a colonial garden will be made in the grounds.

COEUR DE LION'S RANSOM



Richard Lionheart, imprisoned in a castle on his way from the Crusades, hears the song of his old minstrel friend Blondel, who found his master by singing outside the castles of Europe. The ransom paid for the king is now the subject of a dispute in Vienna. See next column.

NEWS FROM EVERYWHERE

There were 64 launches of lifeboats last month, 97 lives being rescued.

Captain Ian Fraser, the blind M.P., knows 200 of his fellow-members by the sound of their voices.

Cliff Falls into the Sea

A great cliff at Mudstone Bay, in Devon, has come crashing down, hurling 10,000 tons of rock into the sea.

Needlework at 84

Among the 53,400 garments made for the poor by Queen Mary's Needlework Guild is a beautiful nightdress made by a woman of 84.

The Cat and the Bunny

A hundred cats have been placed on the Calf of Man, the islet off the Isle of Man, to catch some of the rabbits abounding there.

Figures from a Wheatfield

A scientist has calculated that the roots, rootlets, and root-hairs of the wheat grown on a single acre would reach, if put end to end, farther than from the Earth to the Sun.

Wellingborough Town Council is taking action to prohibit ugly advertisement hoardings.

A proposal has been made that shelters should be provided for licensed flower-girls in London.

Protecting Heligoland

A sea wall, costing £50,000, has been erected in Heligoland to prevent the sea from pounding the cliff with fallen rock.

Leaving the Sinking Ship

Three hundred frightened people have deserted the little village of Portes, in the South of France, which is slowly sinking into the earth.

Saving His Son

A steeplejack at Gloucester, suddenly realising that a chimney was unsafe, sent down his son just in time to save his life, and was himself killed.

November Flowers

A C.N. reader in a sheltered village at the foot of Snowdon found buttercups flowering in November, with primroses in bloom near by.

A MILLION POUNDS FOR A KING

RICHARD'S RANSOM

The Mean Trick of a Drunken Duke 700 Years Ago

WHY IT IS NEWS TODAY

Richard Coeur de Lion will never be forgotten by the English.

They put up a statue to the Lionheart at Westminster (did not the wind break his sword in two the other day?), and Sir Walter Scott put up a memorial to him more enduring than bronze in *Ivanhoe*. But they remember him for less noble reasons in Vienna.

In Vienna they are still disputing about his ransom—good English money. When our King Richard, his soldiers and his fortune lost in the Third Crusade, was creeping back to England through a hostile Europe he was captured and clapped in prison by Duke Leopold of Austria, who loved wine so much that he was called the "wine-skin."

The meanness of the trick resounds through 700 years—to hit a man when he is down, and that man who had fought for the Cross in the Holy Land. But he was an English king as well as a soldier, and England, in spite of some disappointments, has always loved her kings. So they raised the money to ransom him from the drunken duke.

Folk Who Paid in Kind

A great sum of money it was, 150,000 marks. It would be more than a million pounds today, and much of it was wrung out of poor peasants and farmers who never saw a silver penny from one year's end to another, and paid in kind, in chickens or eggs or a peck of barley. But poor John Citizen of 1193 paid like a man and got his king home again, though he stayed less than six months and was then off on his dangerous travels again.

All that is a tale of old time; what makes it new again is that Vienna is still disputing about the city wall which English money built out of the ransom. The wall did good service for hundreds of years, though we got back none of our money's worth out of it. It kept back the Turk, the successor to the Saracens, for nearly 400 years, and lasted nearly another four centuries, till some building reformers of Vienna pulled it down seventy years ago.

Good English Money

Its disappearance left a strip of valuable city land vacant, and Vienna, which had lost its city wall, thought it should have the price of the land. The Imperial Government did not think so, and the municipality lost. But since the war the Imperial Government is not so autocratic as it was, and the municipality is now trying again to dip its fingers into the ransom.

It is none of our business. Still, if everyone had his rights it was our money, good English money, and in these hard times, with a million unemployed, we could make use of it. But this is a sort of Reparations which does not come before the Dawes Commission; and the C.N., in spite of its belief in the League of Nations, fears that it would not consider the matter.

Picture on this page

IF

These six lines have been set up on a post at each entrance to a village in France.

If you drive slowly
You will see our village.
It is very pretty.

If you drive quickly
You will see our prison.
It is very damp.

RAILWAY DELIGHT

Many Happy Returns

HOW TO BE HAPPY THOUGH TRAVELLING

If we happen to lose our ticket on the railway there is something about the stony look of the ticket collector which makes us feel like a naughty boy in the presence of the headmaster.

But several travellers have lately told tales about railway officials which make us think these stern men are far more human than we thought. One was a Tube traveller who had left part of his change on the sill of the booking office.

A fellow-passenger accosted him on the platform bearing a message from the booking clerk to remind him of his forgetfulness and to say that his change would await him at the station of his destination. *It did.*

Helpful Ticket Collectors

Another traveller, when the collector looked in at the carriage for tickets at Reading, could not find the one he had bought at Goring. He thought he might have dropped it on Goring platform.

He had. The ticket collector presently came back to tell him so, having himself, without being asked, telephoned to find out.

The next testimonial comes from a clergyman who had the misfortune to find when he reached Cambridge that his return ticket from Bury St. Edmunds had gone. But "It is all right, sir," his friend the ticket collector at Cambridge told him; "your ticket is coming on by the next train; it was picked up on Bury platform."

So he was ushered off the station without a ticket, and when, his business in the university over, he came back in the evening, there was the return half awaiting him at the gate. No wonder he declares that there is no kinder-hearted lot of men than the railwaymen.

Booking Clerk and Inspector

There is one more to add to these kind acts—acts which are not confined to Boy Scouts. A lady missed her train to Chelmsford by a minute. The booking clerk recommended another way of getting there by bus from Shenfield, reached by a slow train. Hardly had she taken her seat when an inspector, sent all the way to the local platform by the ticket clerk, told her that he had remembered a slip-coach on the Ipswich express which would get her to Chelmsford sooner!

Long live politeness, and may it send up the railway stock!

THE WILD BEAST SHOW

A Cruelty That Should End

The C.N. wishes all success to the Performing Animals Defence League in its campaign to secure the prohibition of all public performances by anthropoid apes and the great carnivorous beasts.

No one with any humanity can take pleasure in the performances of these poor frightened animals, or in the danger to which their trainers expose themselves to make somebody's holiday.

There has been a number of accidents recently to both performers and spectators, here and on the Continent. Moreover, there is cruelty in the trapping and in the sea journey in small cages by which the supply is maintained.

Southern Rhodesia has prohibited all such trapping except for the London Zoo, and the example should be widely followed. But a much quicker method would be to prohibit the performances themselves and all exhibitions of these beasts in travelling shows.

PETER PUCK INTERVIEWS THE WISE MEN OF GOTHAM

FOR hundreds of years (writes Peter Puck) people have been asking what happened to The Three Wise Men of Gotham. It is an enigma that ranks with the mystery of The Man in the Iron Mask.

Three Wise Men of Gotham went to sea in a bowl:

If the bowl had been stronger my tale had been longer.

This is all that history can tell us, and then follows a maddening silence. At last (continues Peter) the mystery is solved. I have talked to the Three Wise Men of Gotham myself.

These distinguished gentlemen arrived in England last Saturday and rang up the C.N., saying they wished to make a statement. I hurried down to the Port of London where they had berthed their craft, a fine willow-pattern bowl with an outboard motor.

The Brains of the Family

Two of the famous mariners were dressed in cosy dressing-gowns, red night caps, and mittens; the third was neatly wrapped in brown paper. All had long beards and blue spectacles. Their names are Cyril Gotham, L.S.W.R., Cecil Gotham, R.S.V.P., and Cedric Gotham, P.S., B.B.C., 2 L O.

"Cedric has the brains of the family," said Cyril heartily. "He shall put our case before you."

"In the first place," began Cedric, "we wish to lodge an indignant protest against being called the *Wise Men of Gotham*. We absolutely deny ever having said or done anything wise. It is a scurrilous libel."

"But tell me," I cried, "why you set out on a voyage which has become as famous as those of the *Argo*, the *Golden Hind*, and the *Mayflower*?"

Cedric's Exciting Story

"One day," replied Cedric, "Cecil said: Why not go to sea in a bowl? As he is the fool of the family we always adopt his suggestions. That very day we left our native town, with its quaint gabled houses, cobbled streets, and bad smells, never to see it more."

"Our bowl was a saucy craft of Dresden china, nice enough for cruising on the Broads, but not quite stout enough to weather a Pacific Ocean storm. On the thirty-fifth day of our voyage we were wrecked on a coral reef. We struggled ashore and fell asleep in a cave."

"Imagine our horror on waking to find ourselves surrounded by painted savages armed with spears and billhooks! They felt our limbs and made grimaces of disgust at our thinness."

"It soon became evident that they were cannibals and meant to fatten us, for they constantly brought us food and threatened us with spears if we refused to eat it."

"One evening we found half the people gathering firewood while the others scoured a huge cauldron."

"Tomorrow we shall be cooked!" cried Cyril.

"Tonight we shall escape!" I retorted. "At midnight we carried the pot down to the shore, and once more went to sea in a bowl."

"Our ironclad was a sturdy craft till the bottom grew rusty and a hole appeared. We used to make Cecil sit with his leg through the hole to keep the water out. Nothing serious happened till one day he shouted that hands were grasping him by the ankle."

Mermaids had been attracted by the strange sight, and dozens of them combined to pull us all down, down to the bottom of the sea.

"We lost consciousness, but artificial respiration restored us to life in the aerium, a department of the Merpeople's zoo, the opposite of an aquarium. There we were kept in watertight glass tanks for the Merpeople to stare at. We could see the baby mermaids throwing buns into the cages of the swordfish and octopus, and giving the whale biscuits after riding on its back; but nothing came our way."

An Earthquake

"It went on for about a century. Then fortunately there was an earthquake which shot the whole zoo to the surface. The other specimens dived, but we swam to some timber which had been a cage floor, and made a raft of it, using Cecil's dressing gown for mainsail and his pyjama jacket for jib."

"After days of drifting we reached a rocky coast, and went ashore, but were unable to anchor our craft. We were stumbling over the boulders when the Earth began to tremble under mighty footsteps, and we saw shoes the size of motor-lorries approaching. Above them were legs like Nelson's column: it was a giant!"

"Suddenly fingers like tree trunks seized us, and we were popped into a jar which already contained a shrimp the size of a bulldog and sea anemones like feather beds. Evidently the giant studied natural history and took us for sand fleas."

Plans for the Future

"After a dizzy journey we were all dumped on his desk. Of course, we expected to be gummed into a Nature book; but the giant must have been a boy, for the careless fellow forgot us for a week."

"One night a gust of wind blew the bottle on its side. We were then able to push out the cork. There was a cup on the desk, and we lowered it to the ground with a rope made from Cecil's remaining garments torn into strips. Then we slid down the leg of the desk, and eventually reached the shore with our cup ship."

"And here we are," said Cecil brightly. "What are your plans for the future?" I asked.

"We are fitting out for a return trip to the cannibal isle," replied Cedric. "Cyril has just remembered that he dropped his fountain pen."

GETTING THE BEST OUT OF COAL

What the New Process Means

NO MORE SMOKE

By Peter Simple

What is this low temperature carbonisation which gas companies and the Government are trying and testing, and from which they hope to restore prosperity to the coalfields?

It is a way of baking coal at such a heat and in such a way that all its values are preserved.

In the technical language employed by those who have taken out patents for conducting this new process, it is founded on the distillation of bituminous, or soft, coal at a temperature below that used in gas retorts or coke ovens.

In gas retorts where the largest amount of gas has to be extracted in a short time, and in coke ovens, the temperature can be as high as may be convenient. But at these high temperatures a good deal of the virtue is taken out of the coal, and they are not suited either to leaving a good heating fuel behind or for extracting the best out of the coal in the matter of by-products.

Three Kinds of Fuel

What invention seeks to do by the low temperature carbonisation method is to get out of the coal the best possible products—solid, liquid, and gaseous. The solid will be a fuel like coke but better than coke; the liquid will be a fuel oil, not too heavy; the gaseous product will be a gas that can be used for lighting, heating, or power; and there will be valuable by-products, the coal-tars which are converted into chemicals and dyes.

All this it is hoped to effect by carbonising the coal in iron or steel retorts which are sealed from the air outside, and need not be heated up beyond 500 degrees Centigrade or 832 degrees Fahrenheit.

There have been a number of patents and processes since that invented by Mr. Thomas Parker some twenty years ago, and a great deal of money has been spent by the Government in investigating the processes. The chief aim, and the chief difficulty, is to obtain economically from the coal a new fuel product which will serve as well for heating but will not smoke. In short, the low temperature carbonisation process will be a success when it produces a good, cheap, smokeless fuel.

The Parker Process

A great deal has depended hitherto on the kind of coal that is baked in the closed ovens. A perfect process would convert any kind of coal. Sir George Beilby, one of the greatest authorities, calculates that plant for converting 35 million tons a year of English coal would cost thirty million pounds, or about £1 a ton.

The South Metropolitan Gas Company is the first London company to install plant capable of distilling 2000 tons of coal a week by the well-tried Parker process.

AT THE GATES OF ENGLAND

The People Who Come

Just over 100,000 travellers on holiday landed at English ports during the three months of last summer.

During the nine months to September about 1500 people were refused permission to land, and over 20,000 foreigners visited England on business. Two thousand other visitors were members of foreign diplomatic and other missions.

BLOWN OVER A CLIFF

THOSE who have spent a summer holiday at Swanage will remember Peveril Point, where Danish invaders were wrecked long ago and the coast-guards keep a look-out today. It is ever a gusty place, and when, the other day, a boy of 12 went there alone to watch the heavy seas he was blown over the cliff.

A few days before some men had been picking up planks washed ashore about two miles down the coast, and a wave had whisked one man away never to be seen again. The waves were breaking at the foot of the cliff where the boy lay, and he knew that at any moment he might be carried off. But he was cut and bruised and his arm was broken, and he

could not scramble up the steep cliff. Few people visit the Point in winter, but luckily some lads did come that day, and by great good fortune they heard the boy's shouts above the gale. They were able to haul him to safety.

The rescuers say "He had been lying there a good bit, and he was shaking when we got to him. But he wasn't crying, and though we must have hurt him a lot getting up the cliff he never made a sound."

Undoubtedly a plucky boy; but there is a saying about discretion being the better part of valour, and it is to be hoped that he will never more stand on a cliff's edge in a gale.

LIFE HERE AND THERE

LONDON AND NEW YORK

Little Differences That Strike the Traveller

MOMMA AND POP

A London journalist who has been across the Atlantic and is home again sends us these notes on life there contrasted with life on this side of the ocean.

Have you ever thought how different your life would have been if your forefathers had sailed away in the Mayflower and you were a little New Yorker today?

A few weeks ago I made a careful study of the boys and girls of New York, rich and poor. I found that in some ways they had a better time and in other ways a worse than their brothers and sisters in Britain. Whether you would prefer to be a little Briton you must judge for yourself.

In New York Streets

In the first place, you would find no parks or recreation grounds to play on in New York. There is the vast Central Park, but here you must keep to the hard paths, and the children do not seem to like that. Turf, which is rare, always seems to bear the warning "Keep Off."

Children must play, however, so the authorities make a practice of barricading a number of streets which traffic cannot enter; play streets, they are called. They are always packed with children, who are allowed to do things which would not be tolerated in the streets of London.

Ball games are the most popular. The American boy is always throwing and catching a ball, and rarely seems to want to kick one. They play at battles, but, probably because they have not a British boy's interest in the sea, they are rarely pirates.

In Very Hot Weather

They have no ponds to play round, so in very hot weather big wooden vats full of water are put into the play streets for them. Sometimes they strip for the Fire Brigade to turn streams of water on them, directing it into the air so that it will not bowl them over.

You would not buy unwrapped sweets in New York as you do in England. In even five cents worth of sweets each sweet is wrapped in paper separately, put in a box, and finally hermetically sealed in greaseproof paper. Sugar sweets on sticks (kid pops) are very popular, and, like most candies, are usually bought from the cigar store.

Candies, as sweets are called, are kept in glass cases, like all eatables in New York. When I started to smoke in a restaurant I was asked not to smoke as there was unbottled milk on the tables.

More fruit is bought than sweets, probably because it is so cheap. You would get a huge slice of iced melon for twopence. This, perhaps, is why teeth are so good there, although the poorest child goes to the dentist before trouble starts.

The American Boy Scout

Ice is all-important in the very hot weather (there were 35 deaths from heat in one day when I was there last summer), and charity organisations distribute ice free to the poor. The Boy Scouts work hard to see that the sick and infirm, who cannot go for ice, get their supplies.

The American Scout is polite in a city where there is little politeness, and where even children are curt to grown-ups. I think that in this respect he is helping to rid New York children of the only big failing they have among many nice ways, which include great love and chivalry as far as "momma" and "pop" are concerned.

TOMMY'S TROUT

A Remarkable Story

We give this remarkable account of fish-taming on the testimony of a Scottish reader who assures us of its truth.

Not long ago a party of motorists in a remote part of Forfarshire discovered a lonely little lad who had no playmates.

His father keeps a small hotel where the motorists stopped for lunch. While the meal was being prepared one of the ladies walked by the burn at the back of the hotel, and found Tommy sitting by the stream with two trout in his hands. He was so busy talking to them that he did not notice her approach.

Sandy, Jimmy, and Peter

She said, "The poor things will die if you hold them in your hands."

"Na, they'll no dee," said Tommy, looking up. "The trout ken me. That ane's Sandy, and that ane's Jimmy, but I canna see Peter."

"Did you ever see a laddie playing wi' trout afore?" asked his mother, appearing at the kitchen door. "He feeds them every day, and they ken their names and come to him when he calls them."

Just then Tommy rose up in great excitement.

"There's Peter," he cried; and sure enough a fine trout was seen making its way rapidly through the water.

Peter was evidently the favourite, for Tommy quickly dropped Sandy and Jimmy into the stream and knelt down to receive the late-comer.

The Trouts' Dinner-time

With a fine somersault Peter landed safely into the little hands held out to receive him at the water's edge.

"Peter, Peter, whaur ha'e ye been?" said Tommy reproachfully, stroking the shining back tenderly with his forefinger. Then, after a moment or two, he put Peter gently into the water, and began to give the three trout their dinner, as he called it—bits of bread he had brought for them.

We tell the tale exactly as it is told to us, and we have inquired as to its truth, with the result that we are assured we need have no misgivings. We therefore pass it on as it comes to us, wondering if we have ever read a more truly remarkable tale.

THE FABLED OKAPI OF THE CONGO FOREST

Half a Giraffe

Seeing is believing. Visitors to the Antwerp Zoo can now see in the flesh an okapi which has been brought from the dense forests of the Belgian Congo.

When, 27 years ago, the late Sir Harry Johnston sent home a complete okapi skin from the forests between Lakes Albert and Albert Edward, many zoologists refused to believe in the animal, and thought that the forest natives had passed on to Sir Harry a dyed skin.

It was not long before he was proved to be right, but it was only four years ago that the first living okapi made the voyage to Europe, and it died before reaching our strange, inhospitable shores. We hope better fortune will attend this second visitor, and that many will admire this curious creature, which has not hitherto been seen by one white man in a million. It is described as being half-giraffe, half-donkey.

In its forest life it is very shy. The strange coloration of its hide, white face, white legs striped with black, and all the rest dark purplish-brown, make it sink almost into invisibility in the twilight of the sunless forest.

The forest pygmies know it well, hunt it, and eat it, but few are the white hunters who ever see it. Its young are tame and affectionate. The difficulty of approaching it may preserve it, and the C.N. is glad to say that there is new legislation to prevent it from being ruthlessly shot down.

TREASURE TROVE

Good News From the Sea Bed

Some time ago the C.N. described how some fishermen found a great bronze hand in their nets, and this led to the discovery of a statue of a sea god near Cape Artemisium. There has been an interesting sequel.

The Archaeological Society put forward the theory that years ago a ship with Greek antiques and art treasures might have been wrecked at this point. The Greek Government has lent the society a hydrographic service ship and supplied money for a search.

Working in 25 fathoms of water, guided by touch, the divers found many things to confirm the theory of a wreck. There was a great heap of pebbles, perhaps the ship's ballast, and there were traces of wood.

Treasure was found, too. It included a bronze statue of a little boy and a magnificent horse's head said to be unmatched in any art collection.

Then there is a huge earthenware amphora, meant to hold wine; but when the divers found it the jar held a large octopus. It is hard to imagine a more hideous Jack-in-the-box.

Bad weather has interrupted the work, but next spring the divers will start again, and people will wait eagerly to know what they find.

THE ASCENT OF MAN

Two Scenes in a Street

A Devonshire reader sends us an account of two scenes watched by two ladies from a balcony overlooking a street through which a stream of traffic was passing.

First a man rushed recklessly across the street, stooped midway, picked something up, and then safely reached the other side. It was a little kitten he had retrieved from danger.

Almost immediately their attention was recalled to the street by loud shouts. The shouts, mixed with bad language, came from a red-faced man flogging unmercifully a willing but exhausted horse drawing a heavily-loaded wagon.

Those twin scenes represent a large part of the ascent of man from savagery to the gospel of a love which embraces all living creatures. At one end is the man who tortures his patient helper; at the other end is the sacrifice that saves a lesser life from danger. Not in one generation will all men cross that gulf (have we not the Devon and Somerset stag-hunters among us still?), but the C.N. waits for it in hope.

AN ENGLISH BABY FOR AMERICA

The Little Austin

We hope the people who croak dismally about British industry will note this item of news. *The Austin Seven is likely to be manufactured in America.*

The fame of this reputable Baby has spread so rapidly that several American firms have approached the Austin Company to see if they may begin making the car for the American public, and probably this will soon be done. Models have been sent to New York for the American Motor Show.

These cars are already made in great numbers in France and Germany, and their manufacture in America will open up an enormous new field for British enterprise. Already a British car has driven the old Ford off the roads and "made the roads of England British," as they cleverly say; now a cheap British car is to invade the Ford's own realm, and we predict that it will beat it there—in time.

THE GLORIES OF ORION

WHIRLING MASSES OF FIRE

Giant Sun That Expands and Shrinks

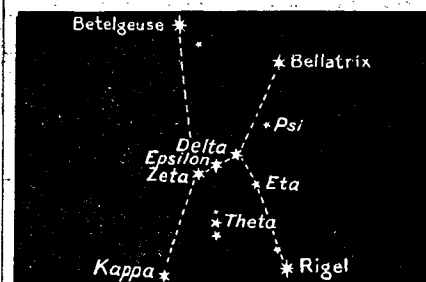
35,000 DEGREES CENTIGRADE

By the C.N. Astronomer

The grand constellation of Orion is now a prominent feature of the evening sky. It is readily identified to the south-west of Mars and almost due south about midnight.

Next week the Moon, which by Tuesday will be just above Orion, will be more than usually radiant because of her nearness to the Earth; but Orion will still be perceptible.

All the stars shown in the star map except Betelgeuse form part of the great Orion Cluster. Some idea of their distance compared with that of Mars, which is at present about 55 million miles away, may be gathered from the fact that whereas the light from Mars takes a little under six minutes to reach



The chief stars of Orion

us, the light from the Orion Cluster takes between 450 and 750 light-years to get here, so immense is the distance and so vast the Cluster.

These suns radiate from several hundred up to fifteen thousand times the light of our Sun, according to each one's absolute magnitude, from which we gain some idea of their immensity. Rigel is the largest as well as the nearest and about 460 light-years distant; Bellatrix radiates over 7000 times our Sun's light from a distance of about 600 light-years.

These great suns are all of a similar type, whirling spheres at a white heat, enveloped in helium at surface temperatures of between 16,000 and 35,000 degrees Centigrade. All are travelling from us at about 850 miles a minute in a direction inclined to the south-east.

Very much nearer is the great star Betelgeuse, which is 190 light-years distant, or some twelve million times as far as our Sun. Usually about 240 million miles in diameter, so immense is Betelgeuse that the Earth's orbit could be contained within it and nearly thirty million miles below its vast surface.

A Pulsating Sun

But at times the diameter of Betelgeuse appears to very considerably, expanding at intervals of five or six years to about 260 million miles, at other times shrinking to 180 million miles or so in quite an irregular manner.

Betelgeuse is what is called a pulsating sun, being composed of very rarefied but glowing gases, much more attenuated and lighter than the air we breathe but at a temperature of some 3000 degrees Centigrade. The state of terrific convulsion that must take place on this colossal sphere of lashing fire-mist during the sun's expansion is beyond conception; our little Earth would vanish in it like a feather in a furnace.

Yet, immense as Betelgeuse is, it is considered to be not very much more massive than our Sun; so, long ages hence, after going through the successive stages of stellar evolution, Betelgeuse will, in consequence of radiation and gravitational contraction, dwindle to a dense and yellow sphere like our Sun, very much as a large volume of steam will condense into a small drop of water.

G. F. M.

HONOUR CLEAN

The Mystery of
the Junior Cup

Told by
Gunby Hadath

CHAPTER 25 Consequences

WEEKLY, it is regrettable to relate, Puggie Randall's battered appearance was growing more battered in evidence of his astonishing prowess in football.

From every game he limped away with some trophy; say a mangled car or cut lip or a nicely hacked shin; and to every game he returned with the same brimming ardour, in his element when he was butting his way through a crush or underneath a scrum which had fallen all over him.

So today, when Pinion found his friend's nose twitching furiously, and knew accordingly that Puggie was thinking hard, he supposed those thoughts to be concerned with his chance of getting into the House Second Fifteen before Christmas, and gloomily broke in: "You haven't an earthly."

"Of what?" ejaculated Puggie. "You were thinking of footer."

"I wasn't," said Puggie at once. "I was wondering what has come over our young friend?"

"Our young friend? Oh, you mean Hendry. Why, what's the matter with him?"

"Do you mean to say you haven't noticed how down in the mouth he's looked lately? And ever since that Sunday we walked him over the Run he has seemed to fight shy of us, for some reason or other."

"A swollen head," droned Pinion.

Puggie's nose had a spasm or two. "I think not," he said presently. "Although he has a certain right to put on some side, I don't think it's that, old boy. It's something quite different. Have you noticed, too, that he's never about with his cousin now?"

This fetched a sniff from Pinion.

"And a jolly good thing!"

"Oh, a splendid thing," Puggie concurred. "But, all the same, I'd like to know what's come over Hendry?"

"Why don't you ask him?"

"I am going to," Puggie said stoutly, as the subject of their speculation came into view through the archway from Old Quad.

He was mooning along by himself with his eyes on the ground till the whoop they uttered brought his head up with a jerk, and when he saw who they were he turned to go back. But this was not good enough. They were after him instantly, and, closing on him, Randall swung him right round, with a cheerful demand: "Halloa, Pieface! What's wrong with you?"

Young Hendry's gaze wavered and then fell before theirs. His smile did not spring out to meet them as it was used to. He muttered, "There's nothing the matter I'm going to the library"; but Pinion, planting his thin frame well in his way, responded, "Not you! You've got to make a confession first!"

"A confession!" echoed Hendry, catching his breath.

"Yes, we want to know what's come over you these last three weeks? You keep yourself to yourself so nowadays. Why?"

"I suppose I'm built that way," young Hendry said weakly.

"You weren't. Not when you came and coolly bagged our patent. I say you've a swollen head now. Puggie says that you haven't."

"I'm not a sociable sort of chap," stammered Hendry.

"You were," droned Pinion severely. "We had hopes of you, Hendry."

"Oh, I wish—" Hendry's face was in torture. He broke his words off. "I wish," he gasped in a choked tone, "you'd leave me alone." And Pinion, staring, said

at last, "Oh, very well! We've finished with you, Hendry. Come along, Puggie!"

They left him standing there, and went off affronted. Neither turned round to look and so neither saw the look he sent after them, a look of such unhappiness that had they observed it they surely would have returned and much that was to follow would have gone differently. For what was the upshot of this unhappy estrangement? As soon as it was observed in the junior day-room that Randall and Pinion would have nothing to do with young Hendry tongues began to whisper and glances to meet, till it went round that the winner of the Junior Run was so fussed with himself that he thought no one good enough for him.

And what was the truth? Until he had freed himself from his false situation young Hendry shrank, and naturally he shrank, from associating gaily with Randall and Pinion. His sense of shame would no longer allow him to go about with Puggie, the very person he had defrauded of the Cup.

And this state of affairs continued from week to week. Virtually he had withdrawn himself from his fellows. Although forced to mix with them in class and in games, so long as he remained under his own cloud of false pretences he had no heart to go farther or be his old self. It hurt enormously to be shunned and to fall out of step and line, so to speak, with the rest.

It is believed that Major, shifty and false though he was, did try all he could to recover the Cup. Yet nothing short of the four pounds required would manage it, though again and again he begged Mr. Frute to restore it and to trust him to pay the money with interest next term. The little man tossed his head at the mention of interest, but stubbornly maintaining that a bargain was a bargain he would do no better than offer to hand the Cup to Ripshank and look for his money to Ripshank.

The idea made Major shiver. It meant the very exposure against which he struggled.

Next he wrote home. He even risked that. Very careful not to disclose why he wanted the sum, he asked his father to advance him five pounds—meditating the other pound as a sop to the firm of stamp dealers who were pressing him. His father's reply only added to his anxieties.

Mr. Hendrie expressed amazement at the request, inquiring why he needed such a large sum and demanding particulars. "If you send me a truthful statement of these particulars," he wrote, "I will consider it. But I shall send you no more money to fritter away. And the next time I receive such an application I shall write to your housemaster and ask him to discover what you do with your money."

So once more Major was brought up against a brick wall. There was nothing to do but wait.

But only till January.

"For I'm bound to get lots of tips at Christmas," vowed Major.

CHAPTER 26 Next Term

WHILE putting his study to rights again after Christmas Ripshank, with a lazy smile, deigned to remember that he had never unearthed the bright individual who had started last term by ordering furniture in his name. So, after glancing across the room toward the cryptic St. Pierre, who was watching his exertions dreamily from the window-seat and remarking at intervals that a picture was crooked, Ripshank hung the last of these, a group of the Rugger

team, and then, instead of laying his hammer down, he poised it, eyed it, eyed their saint again, and advanced.

"Saintly one," he sighed, "must I drop this on your skull or will you own up to The Man in the Moon?"

Their saint eyed the hammer in turn. It was so near his temples. Sighed he, "You always were a ridiculous owl, Rip! You can't mean to say that you still suspect me of that joke. Why, it's been sticking out all the time who The Man in the Moon was!"

"Oh, has it," breathed Ripshank. "Perhaps you'll elucidate?"

"I won't. But ask Winging Ann."

"Ask him what?" This interjection had come from the doorway, and was followed by a squat and deep-chested figure which had entered with a gurgle meant for a laugh.

"Ann, you winging scoundrel," cried Ripshank, "out with the truth! Our saint has just said that you were The Man in the Moon?"

"The Man in the Moon?" queried Anning, raising his eyebrows.

"Yes. The person who ordered all that posh furniture."

"Gosh!" uttered Winging Ann, and gurgled more loudly. "I ordered it, did I? Does our saint want his neck twisted?"

With which demand he, too, advanced on the window-seat. "Bluffing won't save you," laughed Ripshank.

"From what?"

"From a smiting for playing the fool with my name."

This made Anning's eyes grow like saucers.

"My dear chap," he cried, "you don't seriously suspect me of that ancient joke? Why, it's been sticking out all the time who The Man in the Moon was!"

"Who was it, then?" Anning growled.

"That silly ass Hendrie."

"Do you know for certain?"

"No, I don't. But that's my impression."

"Your impression! Impressions don't count. But"—Ripshank reflected a moment—"I'll have him in."

He rose and went to the door to bawl for a fag, whom he sent for Hendrie; and Hendrie arrived on the run. His pleasant face looked horrified when they asked him, and his pleasant voice rang indignantly as he replied.

"As if," he panted, a little out of breath still, "as if I could dream of doing such a thing Ripshank! I can't imagine—"

"Oh, never mind what you imagine. Did you or didn't you?" interposed Winging Ann.

"Do you want my word of honour?"

"Is it worth much?"

Hendrie's features mantled still with hot protest.

It is now as Easy
to Find

A Picture of
a Thing

A Portrait of
a Man

A View of
a Place

as to find a Word
in a Dictionary

See

I See All

"I can't give you more than my word," he expostulated, in aggrieved tones. "Besides," he added, gazing from one to the other, "it all happened months ago, so even if I'd done it what object should I have in hiding it now?"

"Then you didn't?" pressed Anning.

"What makes you imagine so?" "By the process of elimination," growled Anning. "Which means I've been turning it over in my mind, and you seem the only beggar who would have such cheek."

"Thank you," Hendrie said drily. He turned back to Ripshank. "Ripshank, I give you my word that I didn't."

Ripshank returned his look.

"All right," he said quietly. "I'm sorry I accused you. That's all, then. Fizz off!"

And Hendrie went, with his pleasant smile and a nod.

When the door had shut upon him Ripshank attacked his friends with real irritation.

"I wish you fellows wouldn't talk through your hats so," he said. "You owned, Ann, that you had no reason to suspect him?"

"Nothing explicit," Winging Ann confessed snavely.

"Then why drag me into that awkward position with him?"

"Well, if you're too lazy to make inquiries you shouldn't get ratty when I pick out a possible."

"I have inquired," cried Ripshank, still rather stiffly. "I've too much to do to go about holding inquisitions, but I asked old Frute, who naturally shielded the chap. And I'm jiggered if I could press Frute; he's too good a sport."

"Yes, Frute's all right," St. Pierre put in from the window-seat.

"So, bidding good-bye to an unprofitable discussion," smiled Ripshank, his good humour returning, "the question now is: What about Stamford Bridge?"

"Stamford Bridge? Oh, you mean the Public School Sports?"

"In the Spring, yes. It has perhaps occurred to you both that this year I am skipper of sports," rejoined Ripshank. "And I'm not going to let the grass grow under my feet. We'll start straight away and get a team into trim."

"Bon idea," uttered Winging Ann, with a grunt. "We can have a good stab at the championship this year."

"I was thinking so. We didn't do badly last year. But I'd like to see us win a Junior event."

"But I thought those didn't count towards the championship, Rip?"

Ripshank leaned back thoughtfully, pursing his lips.

"They haven't done," he replied. "By the rules of these sports scoring in Junior events doesn't count toward the Challenge Cup. But there's been some talk, so I've heard, of letting them count. And, anyhow, whether they are allowed to count this year or not, a good win in a Junior event would do the school good. It would mightily encourage our youngsters, for one thing—"

"Of course!" put in Anning. "That goes without saying. And the more you encourage the youngsters the better for the future of our athletics."

"Just so. So, supposing we won the Junior two-fifty yards? If—"

St. Pierre murmured languidly: "If! It's a jolly big if!"

"Is it?" drawled Ripshank. "Perhaps it's not so big as you think. We've a youngster in the school, in this very House, who is really unusually fast for two-fifty yards, and, what is more, has any amount of pluck. I fancied if I took him in hand and coached him—"

His voice trailed off. "Stranger things have happened," he ended.

Then Winging Ann jumped to his feet.

"You mean Hendry," he said. "The Junior Run kid. Why didn't I think of him? No time like the present. Let's send for him now, and tell him he's got to go into training."

Ripshank nodded.

TO BE CONTINUED

Tales Before Bedtime

With Paul's Help

THE Kindergarten children were acting the Sleeping Beauty to help poor little slum children in London.

Paul *did* wish he could be in it. But he was too small to take one of the principal parts and too big to be one of the baby fairies.

May was the Sleeping Beauty and Philip the Prince—and even Bunny was a baby fairy.

"I wish I could be in it, Mummy," he said, when the others were learning their parts.

"Miss Shaw says you're too little," piped May.

"You're too lickle," repeated Bunny; and that made Paul very cross, because of course he was heaps bigger than Bunny. But Mummy said, "Never mind. Perhaps next year they may do another."

"But I want to help the slum children now," said Paul rather irritably.

However, about a week before the play was given he stopped grumbling about not being in it.

When the day came the Sleeping Beauty went off splendidly. And as the curtain fell all the mothers and fathers clapped tremendously and shouted Encore! so that the curtain had to go up three times. And they clapped more than ever.

Then the rector came forward.

"We have had a delightful performance, and everybody has done splendidly. I really can't say who was best," he



Paul wanted to help

said. "But now I want to call your attention to the most important performers of all, the collectors."

He sat down; and, right down the aisle from the back, came Paul, walking very proudly with a collecting-box, with the rector's little boy following him. Miss Shaw had arranged for Paul to collect the money which was to go to the slum children.

Paul's box got very heavy by the time he had finished; and when he came back from taking the money up to the platform the audience gave him a clap all to himself.

So Paul went beaming along the aisle, as pleased as if he had been the Prince himself.



Let Something Good Be Said



THE BRAN TUB

A Riddle in Rhyme

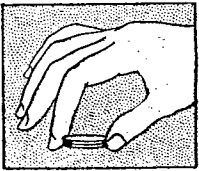
MY first is in clock but not in time,
My second's in fresh but not in prime,
My third is in revel but not in play,
My fourth is in minute but not in day,
My fifth is in sugar but not in tea,
My sixth is in water but not in sea,
My seventh's in mountain but not in hill,
My eighth is in cash but not in till,
My ninth is in smiling but not in tear,
My whole is a time near the end of the year.

Answer next week

Head or Tail?

HERE is an interesting little catch that will cause amusement at a Christmas party.

Take two pennies and hold them between the thumb and forefinger, as seen in the sketch, and, with the other hand held open and about a foot to eighteen inches below, release the lower penny only so that it falls into the open hand.



Before releasing the coin, however, ask your friends which side will be uppermost when it has fallen. Show them the coin as it is between your thumb and forefinger, and if the lower, or exposed, side is head most people will say that tail will be uppermost when the coin has fallen.

Such is not the case, however, for in falling the coin turns over once and the side which is uppermost shows the head.

Ici On Parle Français



L'écuyer se servira de son ardoise.
Le mouton nous fournit de la laine.
La luge glisse gaiement sur la neige.

Do You Live at Sheerness?

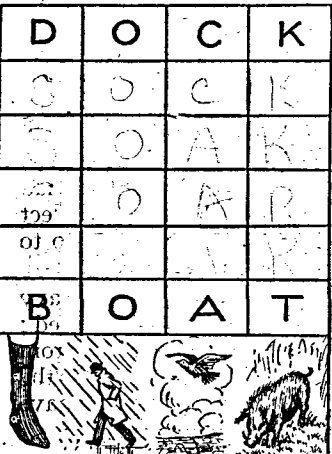
THE town is comparatively modern, but the name is from the Old English scere noes, meaning bright or clear headland. Why this spot at the Thames mouth, often subject to fogs, should have been particularly singled out for the description bright is not very clear.

Cracking Nuts

MOST nuts, especially Brazil nuts, are not easy to crack so that the kernel can be removed whole. Here is a way to remedy this.

Put the nuts on a dish and then place this in a very hot oven for five minutes. The heat dries the moisture out of the shells and makes them very brittle. After the baking the nuts can be cracked with the greatest ease; in some cases it can even be done with the fingers.

Changeling

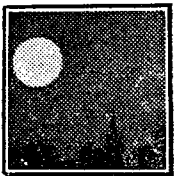


Change the word Dock into Boat with four intervening links, altering one letter at a time, and making a common word with each change. The pictures will help you.

Answer next week

Other Worlds Next Week

IN the evening the planets Venus and Uranus are in the South-West, Jupiter is in the South, and Mars is in the South-East. The picture shows the Moon as it may be seen looking South at 8 p.m. on December 26.



A Word Square

THE following clues indicate four words which written one under the other will make a square of words. Each word, of course, has four letters. Difficult to accomplish. Extent of surface. Repose. Day, month, and year.

Answer next week

Next Week's Nature Calendar

THE redbreast is seen and heard near houses. Larks are gathering in numbers. The marsh titmouse resumes its song. The snowdrop is in blossom. Generally Nature is silent, many creatures being in hibernation.

The Christmas Party

A NUMBER of children were asked to a large Christmas party, but one-sixth of those asked had gone away with their parents, eleven had previously accepted other invitations, and seven were unwell and unable to come. There were actually thirty-seven children at the party.

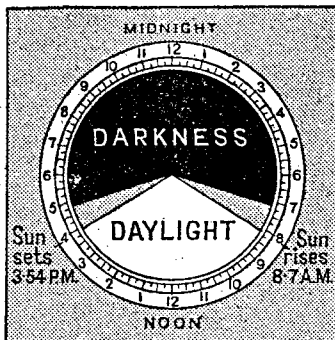
How many were originally invited?

Answer next week

How the Bowie Knife Got Its Name

A BOWIE knife is a peculiar hunting knife, with a slightly curved edge, a thick back, and a long double-edged point. It has a hilt fitted with a crosspiece, and is kept in a sheath when not in use. It was invented by Colonel James Bowie, an American citizen killed in the Mexican War.

Day and Night Chart



Darkness, twilight, and daylight in the middle of next week.

An Alphabet of History

EACH of these couplets refers to a historical character whose name begins with the letter in large type. The answers will appear next week, when a further set of rhymes will also be given. Last week's characters were Knox, Lanfranc, Machiavelli, Necker, Otto the Great.

P A Quaker born in England, of great fame.
Because a New World State received his name.

Q Economist, whose motto "Laissez faire"
Became familiar here in Angle-terre.

R Adventurous favourite of the Virgin Queen,
He fell, in the next reign, by axe edge keen.

S Dominican of ardent faith austere,
His preaching gainst corruption cost him dear.

T This Russian noble poverty espoused,
His writings sympathy for serfs aroused.

Is Your Name Benbow?

THIS name is an indication that the ancestor of those who bear it was noted for his prowess with the bow, which he could use well. It was originally Bend-bow.

Jacko Chooses a Fancy Dress

JACKO hated parties. "I shan't go to any this year," he told his mother. "I'm getting too old for them."

"Indeed you are not!" cried Mrs. Jacko in alarm. "I have just accepted a very nice invitation for you. The mayoress is giving a fancy-dress party next week."

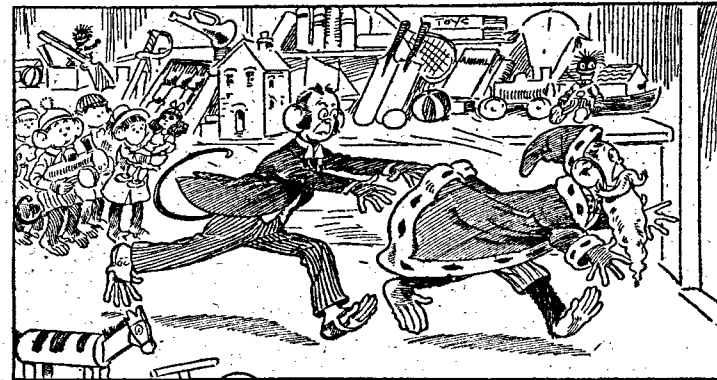
Jacko groaned. Fancy dress was the last straw, he thought, though he never minded dressing up if he wanted to play a trick on somebody.

"I don't want to," he said dismally, "and I haven't got a fancy dress."

"Nonsense! You can get one," said his mother. "Here's some money; you can go round to the stores and choose something you like."

"I shan't like anything," said Jacko.

But he changed his mind when he got to the shop and saw the lovely things they had in their Fancy Dress Department.



"Stop him!" he cried. "He's a fraud!"

"Coo! An Arabian Chief! That will suit me down to the ground!" he exclaimed.

Then he caught sight of a wonderful pirate's outfit. It was really very hard to choose.

In the end he decided on Father Christmas. It was a lovely bright red costume, and he felt sure it would suit him better than anything. There was a sack, too, which the shopman explained would have to be filled with dummy parcels.

"Oh, yes, I can do that all right," said Jacko. "Make it all up in a parcel, please, and I'll take it with me."

But he found it very difficult to leave the place even when he had finished his shopping. Everything was so bright and jolly, and in the toy-department a big notice said that Father Christmas would be giving away toys at four o'clock.

He glanced at the clock. It was then ten minutes to four, and a lot of children were waiting.

Jacko began to grin. Quick as lightning, he hopped behind a counter and began undoing his parcel. Then he filled the sack with anything he could lay hands on.

In a few minutes the children were shrieking with delight. Here was Father Christmas coming through the shop, his sack bulging with presents.

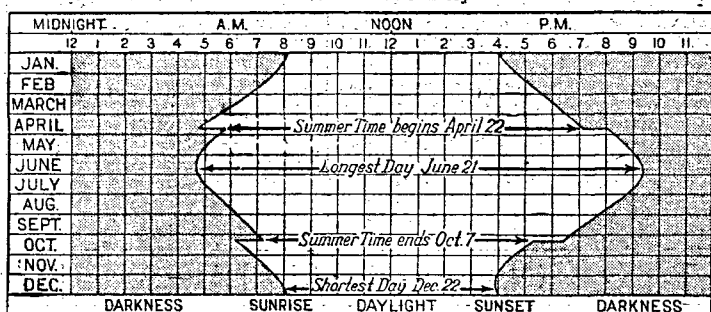
The manager of the stores looked thoroughly pleased with himself. He thought his idea was a great success; it was going to be a fine advertisement for his shop. But his face fell when he saw the things Father Christmas was handing out.

A most expensive clockwork train went to one little boy, while quite the biggest doll in the shop was handed to a little girl. Next came a beautiful ivory elephant, and when a valuable brooch appeared it was too much for the manager altogether.

"Stop him!" he cried, making a dive at Father Christmas. "It's a mistake! He's a fraud! Help me to catch him!"

But Father Christmas was a good deal younger than he looked. He dropped his sack and flew off like the wind.

The Shortest Day



December 22 is the shortest day of the year. As this chart shows, there is only about half as much daylight as on the longest day.

Dr. MERRYMAN

Self-Contained

IT was the first meal prepared by the new cook-general, and it was not the success that had been hoped for.

"What is this?" queried Father. "I asked for cottage pie," said Mother, "but it's failed to rise." "Then let's call it a flat pie," suggested the son of the house.

Not Guilty

THE young apprentice was whistling merrily.

"Stop that!" called the foreman. "You mustn't whistle while you work."

"Who's working?" queried the apprentice.

Too Bad

THE vicar's son poked his head round the nursery door.

"Heard about the dean who was found in a box?" he asked his sister. "No," replied Peggy. "Which dean?"

"The sardine," said Bob as he hurriedly disappeared.

How Time Flies

THE shopper was a long time making up her mind. "I don't believe this is lamb at all. It looks to me like mutton," she said, indicating a piece of meat.

"H'm!" replied the butcher, whose patience was nearing its end. "It was lamb right enough when first I showed it to you."

Santa's Little Joke



"Is Santa Claus straightforward?" Cried Snip. "I say he's not! I asked for a loud-speaker—A talking doll I got!"

So Upsetting

THE local bank had ceased payment and two men were discussing the fact.

"Were you upset by the bank failure?" asked one.

"Yes," replied the other. "I completely lost my balance."

Changed Circumstances

TWO men were discussing a third. "You know Mr. Easie-Cashe?" said one.

"Yes," replied the other; "he used to be poor, but honourable."

"And now?"

"Well, he's rich."

ANSWERS TO LAST WEEK'S PUZZLES.

Cross Word Puzzle
GOOSEANDER
BAMALAEIE
ALTEASEVC
NETWEESEC
DARERWIRE
OABRAEDN
LIMBTBLOT
EMS BETEAR
EMMADAMST
RISERTONIC
TENEMENTS

A Hidden Animal
FEZ, baRRel, palEtte—ferret.
Black and White Jigsaw

here is the answer to last week's cross word puzzle.

A Beheaded Word
Visit. Is it?
It is.

Transposition
Moat, atom.

A Word Square
W E N D
E R I E
N I N E
D E E P

Who Was He?
The Quietest
American was
Thoreau.

The Children's Newspaper grew out of My Magazine, the monthly the whole world loves. My Magazine grew out of the Children's Encyclopedia, the greatest book for children in the world.

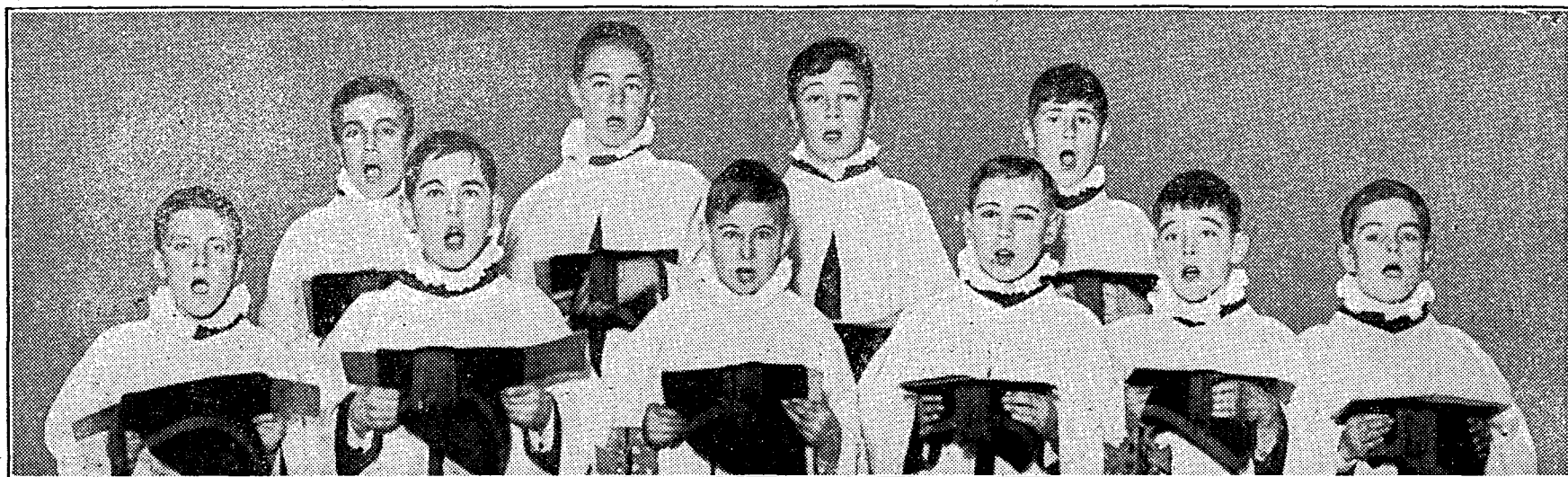
CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

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AN OLD FRIEND ARRIVES • TURKISH GIRL GUIDES • END OF TERM



Carols in the Hospitals—At Christmas-time the choir boys of the Chapel Royal, Savoy, visit the London hospitals and sing carols to the patients. Here we see them rehearsing:



Grenfell of Labrador's Friends—These happy girls belong to the orphanage founded in Labrador by Sir Wilfred Grenfell, who has lately been elected Rector of St. Andrews University. See page one.



Chimpanzee as a Nurse—A chimpanzee in the New York Zoo takes a delight in playing the part of nursemaid to a little orphan, as this picture shows.



An Old Friend Arrives—No toys are quite so good as those Santa Claus brings. Very few boys and girls have ever seen him when he calls on Christmas Eve, but a photographer managed to take this snapshot of him.



Turkish Girl Guides—The introduction of the Girl Guide movement is one of the remarkable changes taking place in the Turkish Republic. In this picture we see a parade in Stambul.



Shopping in London—Fido was only too glad to help his little mistress with the parcels when they went to buy Christmas presents in Regent Street.



Christmas at the G.P.O.—Christmas means a period of extra hard work for the postal authorities and remarkably few parcels go astray considering the enormous numbers dealt with by the officials. Here we see the busy scene at the General Post Office in London.



End of Term—This Uganda boy is carrying his school belongings home with him at the end of the term.



Out for an Airing—In the snowy regions in Switzerland wheeled traffic is almost unknown in the winter months. In this photograph, which was taken at Zermatt, we see an English visitor equipped with skis taking two little natives for a ride in her improvised pram.

THE FIRST MAN IN NEW ZEALAND—SEE MY MAGAZINE FOR JANUARY

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